# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *A HIRED TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST—PASS HIM ROUND.*

From The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, Nov. 15th.

Our attention has just been called to a copy of the *Clarke Journal* (a weekly sheet, published in Berryville, Clarke Co. Va.) bearing date the 11th inst. This journal is professedly Democratic in its politics, and now keeps the following ticket at the head of its leading column:

FOR PRESIDENT—ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, of Virginia.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT—DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of New York.

Under color of this show of conservatism, the editor of the paper, Alexander Parkins by name, publishes *as an advertisement* the full prospectus of the *New York Tribune*, occupying an entire column, and for which, doubtless, Mr. Parkins receives a considerable moneyed compensation. That our readers may properly appreciate the nature of the inflammatory article thus *paid for and published within a few miles of Harper's Ferry*, we reproduce the following sample of Greeley's prospectus:

"The 'irrepressible conflict' between Darkness and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to Humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question, 'Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?' is now to receive a momentous if not a conclusive answer. 'Land for the Landless versus Negroes for the Negroless' is the battle-cry of the embodied millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio and the North-West, appear in the new Congress, backed by nearly every free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a modicum of the earth's surface wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's cession to another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we cannot doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord at once with the dictates of impartial Philanthropy and the inalienable rights of man."

We merely suggest to the good people of Jefferson and Clarke Counties that the squad of Yankee pedlars lately ordered away from their borders are emissaries of a much less dangerous description than that to which Mr. Alexander Parkins belongs. A hired disseminator of abolition treason is the very man of all others to tamper with slaves, to run them off, or, if he has the courage to do so, to lead the van of servile insurrection. Whether Mr. Parkins has not already laid himself liable to fine and imprisonment in the county jail, for his complicity with Horace Greeley's incendiary efforts, is a question which we recommend to the careful consideration of the prosecuting attorney of Clarke County. But there can be no doubt whatever that the people of Clarke and the surrounding counties owe it to their own safety to suppress this incendiary sheet. A respectful request to Mr. Parkins to leave the community, signed by all his subscribers, would perhaps prove efficacious; but don't lynch him. The friends and supporters of Messrs. Hunter and Dickinson should especially attend to this matter. The impudence with which Parkins attempts to shelter his treason behind the names of these worthy gentlemen deserves especial reprobation.

From the same.

We would recommend the earnest perusal of the following extract from the *New York Observer*. The whole course of this very ably edited journal, from the moment of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, has been such as to command the sympathy and support of conservative men throughout the Union. As a religious newspaper, it has performed the full duty of "God's true and gentle minister"; and the secular department of the journal has been sincerely devoted to the maintenance of that spirit of patriotism which coëxists with religion "pure and UNDEFILED."

[Here followed the *Observer's* cry for vengeance on John Brown and his fellow-prisoners, published last week in this department of THE STANDARD. This was followed, in the next column of the *Enquirer*, with the editorial article copied below, in which the extraordinary merits of the *Observer* as a religious champion of slavery are set forth in contrast with the alleged unsoundness of the Democratic journal alluded to above. Verily the *Observer* ought to be proud of this "reward of merit" from the slave-breeders of the Old Dominion.]

### A SUGGESTION.

The *Clarke Journal* is a meagre and scandalous little sheet, mostly employed for personal vituperation, and now for the dissemination of abolition theories and sympathies.

The *New York Observer* is one of the largest and cheapest newspapers in the Union. It contains TWO COMPLETE NEWSPAPERS; the one devoted to SECULAR and the other to RELIGIOUS matter. It is no sectarian paper; equally supporting all evangelical Churches, and opposed to all the "*isms* and heresies" of the day. It is second to no paper for news, both foreign and domestic. Its editorials are able and always conservative. All its departments, agricultural, commercial, scientific and miscellaneous, are conducted by men of practical experience.

The yearly subscriber to the *Clarke Journal* has to pay a subscription varying from two to three dollars.

The yearly subscription to the *New York Observer* is fixed at $2 50, and each new subscriber, paying in advance, will receive *gratis* a copy of a beautiful and valuable BIBLE ATLAS, with colored maps.

(N. B. It is probable that the subscribers to the *Clarke Journal* may each receive *gratis* an occasional copy of the *New York Tribune*.)

The *Clarke Journal* is now acting the part of Greeley's hireling and Brown's sympathizer in Virginia.

The *New York Observer* is manfully defending the rights of slaveholders to a large class of Northern readers and subscribers.

In view of all which, the serious suggestion which we have to make is, that, in self-defence, and as a double act of justice, at the same time rewarding the virtuous and punishing the guilty, every citizen of Virginia now a subscriber to the *Clarke Journal* shall order the paper to be discontinued, and supply its place by immediate subscription, paid in advance, to the *New York Observer*.

### *THE PROPER MODE OF TREATING THE NORTH.*

From The Clarke County (Va.) Journal—Hunter organ.

"Dark clouds are rolling up from the North and the South."

A QUESTION OF POLICY.

WE have now the advantage over Black Republicanism. They have essayed against us and failed. Many are disposed to condemn them. Their ranks will be thinned and weakened. But if we do not act exactly right and very prudently, their ranks will be strengthened again, even beyond what they have ever been. What is that right course? This is the trying question. We have now the advantage by their being in the fault and we being the wronged, aggrieved party. We have this advantage at this hour, yet our majesty and honor are vindicated. We have had blood for blood; our law has pronounced upon the character (threefold) of the offence, treason, murder and insurrection. We have shown indignation and taken vengeance. Is there not a stopping-place? Have we not power? Have we not that great advantage of power that can afford to be magnanimous? Must we go on shedding blood for blood to the last moment, and the last drop of its existence? Can we not retain the advantage we have now gained consistently with our honor, the majesty of the law, and the safety of our property? If we go on to the last, shedding blood for blood, we will have no advantage. The North will take advantage of it. They will swell the ranks of Republicanism and become a permanent, powerful sectional party, controlling the destinies of this nation and inevitably dividing the Union. They will have the argument of blood—blood—blood, deliberately and from time to time, to the last drop, shed in payment for their offence. It will make us look implacable and insatiable for blood. Then they will have the argument of martyrdom. We may smile at the idea, but they believe it, that John Brown was in the conscientious discharge of religious duty in trying to break the chains of slavery. They believe it; he makes them more and more believe it every day by his letters and speeches and his general bearing, and he will confirm and establish their belief in his death. This established belief will make it to them a case of deliberate martyrdom for sincere religious belief and conduct.

Gov. Wise has given them the argument. He has pronounced him "truthful, honest and sincere." When did the world (of Christendom and civilization) ever take a man's life for what he did "truthful, honest and sincere"? Slavery is not a thing that requires to be upholden by what even seems implacability and ferocity. It is a kind, humane institution in all its workings, and right. It is upholden by its merits, its inherent worth, and not by outward force, ferocity or severity. When the time comes that it must rest upon bayonets, then the time will have come when it has ceased to be desirable or tenable. If it has not inherent merit and excellence enough to keep it together, we must let it go. But we know that it has. It is palpable as day that it is the only relation in which the white man and the black man can live together. The Northern States are forbidding the free negroes coming there; we cannot have them here; and it shows that the only relation in which the white man is willing to live with them is slavery. It is a plain and palpable necessity, and the goodness of the institution, to all parties, is equally plain and palpable. Only let us be free from outside annoyance, the intermeddling of Abolitionists, or officious interference and soft sentimentalism, which is abolitionism, and the institution of slavery will rest as steadily and securely as the institution of marriage or any other that is for the common good. We can afford to even not shed blood for blood to maintain it, if that will stop the mouths of Abolitionists. We are a great, kind, Christian, humane, magnanimous, generous, indulgent, refined people, and we can afford to show it. "In the midst of deserved wrath" we can afford to "remember mercy."

As a Christian people we are bound to respect the motives of the sincere and conscientious, however mistaken. We do not care to weaken our position by shedding the blood of such and giving them no time for repentance, if we can free ourselves from their annoyance by their confinement, as we would confine a mad dog.

But blood for blood has been shed—more blood on their side than on ours. It is now only a question of policy as to the further proceeding. Will it do more good to go on shedding blood while we can find any to shed, or to stop now, and confine the rest for life? Our judgment is—and we are bound to give it, if every subscriber stops his paper, as we have been threatened to some extent—in favor of the latter. More good can be done, as a pure question of policy, by staying the effusion of blood. Now, if this be treason, make the most of it. We will be as ready to die for a conviction as John Brown. As a pure question of policy, we have most to gain by a moderate, placable, conservative course. We regret as deeply as any man can the death and injury of our highly esteemed citizens. We appreciate their worth as highly as any one. Beckham and Turner left no superiors as valuable citizens behind them. But now the deed is done, and blood has been shed in return, and a few are fugitives and outcasts on the earth, and the rest are in chains and dungeons. How much more can a generous, magnanimous people ask? How will it appear in the eyes of the world, the unfavoring world to slavery, to ask more—even to the last drop of their blood?

We must remember that but a small part of the Christian and civilized world are on our side with respect to slavery. We have now an opportunity, while the world have this case in their eye, to demonstrate our superior excellence of character and disarm them of their opposition to slavery. Their opposition to slavery is more from fancied wrongs than real. They are misled by the very term slavery. They think it must be harsh, unkind, cruel, unjust, and almost, as some have expressed it, "the sum of all villanies." They, of course, attribute to the slaveholder a corresponding character. They think us barbarians. They reason from the effect (imaginary) to the cause. But let us set them right, as Providence has now given us an opportunity, as to the cause, our character, and they will get right as to the effect. If they find us humane Christians, instead of implacable barbarians, as they suppose, they will be bound to infer that slavery is a kindly institution, or else we could not tolerate it ourselves. This would glorify the South and the institutions of the South more than anything that has ever occurred. It would be like throwing a wet blanket over the excited, feverish subject of fanaticism. It would be a damper to all their hopes. It would give a quietus, more than all the speeches in Congress or acts of Administrations, to the slavery agitation. If that can be done, our Union is safe; we are still one happy, glorious people, going on from greatness to greatness, conquering the admiration and praise of men. But if that cannot be done, our word for it, we are a divided people, and as good already as launched upon the untried sea, with all its perils, perhaps, full of perils—of disunion.

### *MISSISSIPPI RAMPANT.*

[Extract from the Message of Governor McWillie to the Legislature of Mississippi.]

I WOULD recommend as necessary and expedient that you, by your legislation, should make it the duty of the then Governor, in the event of an election of a Black Republican to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1860, to issue his proclamation ordering an election for Delegates to a State Convention, to be holden on the first Monday of December next thereafter, and that said Delegates be appointed to assemble at the Capitol, in the city of Jackson, on the third Monday of the said month of December, 1860, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may meet the exigency of the occasion.

I would further recommend that you should adopt resolutions inviting the other Southern States to cooperate with the State of Mississippi, in the adoption of such measures as may be necessary for the maintenance of their and our rights, as coëqual members of the confederacy. This is all that, for the present, I would recommend to be done. But, as the time has come at which the public mind should be strongly directed to the difficulties and dangers of our position, and the remedies for the same, I would suggest that, in my opinion, in such an event as the meeting of a Convention or Congress of the Southern States, we ought to insist upon new constitutional guarantees for our protection. This should be a *sine qua non*. It is absolutely necessary to our security. The North will then, under the forms of our present Constitution, have the entire power and control of the government—we will be utterly powerless.

With this view, in the event of a Black Republican or Abolitionist being elected to the Presidency, I would suggest that a Convention of the Southern States should throw open all the Southern ports, making them free to the commerce of the world. Thus putting the burden of the new Northern confederacy upon the Northern people. This would be just, as the government would be of the North, and for the North; consequently, they ought to support their own government. In addition to this, it might be politic, as a measure of warning, to impose a duty of 25 per cent. on all articles of Northern manufacture (about the present rate of duty on foreign manufactures). This would teach the Northern people what the Union is worth to them in money, even if they cannot be made otherwise to appreciate its importance. The moneyed value of the Union to the non-slaveholding States is incalculable. For instance, with the Union, no portion of the earth is more prosperous than Massachusetts—without the Union, none could be less so than she would be. The grass would grow in the streets of Boston, her manufactories would stop, her commerce would perish, and her ships would rot at her wharves, and wide-spread ruin would cover the State. I presume that it will be said of such a measure that it is a dissolution of the Union. This is not necessarily so, unless the North shall choose to make it so by a refusal of our just demands; so far from being an act of dissolution, it will be conservative of the Union; and only preliminary to a possible dissolution, in the event that the North should be deaf to all the appeals of justice, and indifferent to the ties of consanguinity and patriotism. It would be intended to arouse the Northern mind to the consequences of their conduct, and to warn them that the fatal gulf of disunion was before them. It would be resistance to tyranny for the preservation of liberty, the great object of the Union. The North has already taught us that every violation of or resistance to the law is not disunion; or if it be so, then the Union is dissolved already. The North resists and violates the Fugitive Slave law; she resists and violates the territorial rights of the South, as settled by the highest tribunal of the country. If, upon the adoption of these or similar measures, the North should still refuse to us the power of self-protection, it would be conclusive evidence that the overthrow of our institutions and the destruction of our property were her object. If she should deny this much to us in the Union, it would be full time that, by all the means in our power, we should provide for our own security. But my belief and hope are that, if, even then, we should make a decided issue, the North will yield to our demands, and give to us that which is of inestimable value to us, but of no earthly importance to her, unless for our oppression. The North too well understands the value of the Union to herself to lightly sacrifice it, and it will then be for her to decide the question of Union or Disunion. If she desires the Union, the terms will be easy—we ask but equality. No, not equality, but simply the power of self-protection against hostile and unconditional legislation. The Union will then be in the power and keeping of the North; if she wills it, nothing is easier than to retain it; but, if she will choose to dissolve it, by a refusal of our just demands, and by making war upon us and our institutions, the blame and the ruin will be at her own door.

I deeply deplore the necessity which will exist, in the event of an Abolitionist being elected to the Presidency, for the assembling of a Convention of the Southern States, and for the adoption of such measures as those I have suggested; but the South has no choice between the making use of some such issue or a dissolution of the Union. I have thought it better to give the Union another chance for life. Secession or disunion is death, while a refusal to pay taxes (or resistance to the revenue laws) is but a violent disease, from which the body politic may recover. Depletion of the Treasury may do good. It, at least, is worth trying, before any final act of disruption to the Union. It will give time for new compacts or guarantees, which ought to be made. What possible objection can the North have to giving us such security, unless she intends our assailment under the forms of the Constitution, by action of the Federal Government? The result would be equivalent to a declaration of such intent, and ought to be met accordingly.

### *THE INDEPENDENT STRIKING DR. CHEEVER.*

[*The Independent* of last week, noticing Dr. Cheever's communication, which will be found in another part of this page, strikes at him as follows:]

As to Dr. Cheever himself, we have too much regard for his genius, his piety, his sincerity, too much sympathy with the cause in which he is so zealously engaged, and with himself in the trials which he has endured, to be betrayed into any controversy by his unprovoked personalities toward his brethren in the ministry, or to allow ourselves to indulge in criticism upon his modes of operation. We can only wish that the Cromwellian hero of the pulpit, while himself disapproving the *methods* of the "ironside" invader of Virginia, would study the dignity and courtesy of that brave old man. In these times of stirring conflict, we cannot afford to fight any who are fighting against the foe, nor descend to quarrel for the captaincy.

Dr. Cheever brings against the ministry the sweeping accusation of want of fidelity upon the subject of slavery. Doubtless there has been in some pulpits an utter neglect of duty in this matter; the Tract Management is a witness for that. But Dr. Cheever's condemnation is far too sweeping and indiscriminate. He does not hear his brethren preach. Does he then keep a corps of informers in neighboring churches? Or because men do not advertise their sermons and create an excitement by their preaching, does he infer that they are faithless? Possibly his example will stimulate some to greater fidelity; but we hope he will not insist that they shall prove their fidelity by the extent of their *failure!*

We have no occasion to defend other *Congregational* ministers in New York and Brooklyn from the unfraternal insinuations of Dr. Cheever. Men who boldly took their stand in the pulpit against slavery, and were denounced by name in the daily press as "preachers of treason," when the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans had not yet peeped upon that subject, but was dividing its energies between the eulogy of Daniel Webster and the denunciation of the Hudson River Railroad—men who have always and everywhere stood forth as uncompromising opponents of slavery under whatever guise—do not need to be vindicated from such aspersions. If fidelity in testifying against slavery is to be judged by the number of hearers whom one drives away unconvinced, doubtless these brethren would concede the palm to Dr. Cheever. But if that fidelity is to be measured by the extent to which they have convinced their hearers that *to hold human beings as property is in every instance and under all circumstances a sin*, and that *the whole system of American slavery is an unmitigated wrong*, if that fidelity is proved by the freedom of their own pulpits to denounce this sin, then these brethren may humbly thank God that they have not labored in vain. And if this result has been accomplished without magnifying their own zeal, or rending and beggaring their Churches, or disparaging the force of their own arguments by endless repetition, or turning the pulpit into an Ebal with no answering Gerizim, then so much the greater honor to the truth of God, and to the average common sense and conscience of this Christian community. Our brethren in England may rest assured that whatever may be the fate of the Church of the Puritans, the sinfulness of American slavery will not cease to be exposed and denounced, at least in the Congregational pulpits of this great metropolis.

### *SOUTHERN ARGUMENT FOR CLEMENCY.*

[It is remarkable that while the New York *Observer* is crying out for vengeance upon John Brown, a class of men at the South are pleading for his life on grounds of policy. The Frankfort (Ky.) *Yeoman* says:]

"THERE are many reasons why we think it expedient that his life should be spared. Not that we do not think that he deserves to die, if ever a traitor, and a murderer, and a robber did; but it would place the South upon a vantage ground in the eyes of the whole world; it would show that the spirit of Legree does not pervade our people; that, conscious of the rectitude and humanity of our institutions, we can afford to be magnanimous to the very Barabbas of our enemies.

"If old John Brown is executed, there will be thousands to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood; relics of the martyr will be paraded throughout the North; pilgrimages will be made to his grave, and we should not be surprised to hear of miracles wrought there as at the tomb of Thomas a'Becket. The blood of this martyr would be as seed to this fanatical Church, and as that of Joe Smith to the Church of Latter-Day Saints. It could be called in attestation of the purity of their faith; and Gov. Wise would be compared to Julian the Apostate, or to Grahame of Claverhouse.

"There is a fitness in this act of clemency in keeping with the spirit of the times. If a European despot, who maintains his position solely by the assistance of the Zouaves and Turcos, with millions of discontented subjects impatient of his rule, with treason plotting at his palace gates, and himself surrounded by assassins as subtle as the Thugs of India—if such a man, in such a position, with a single dash of the pen, can strike the chains from thousands of captives, and restore to their country and friends thousands of exiled enemies, many of them with abilities in comparison with which the mental endowments of Seward, and Lincoln, and Chase are as stupidity—if this can be done with the applause of half a universe, think of the shame which must rest upon the Commonwealth of Virginia, with a million of freemen, themselves the sovereignty, and a quarter of a million of slaves held under patriarchal rule, whose loyalty under temptation is an astonishment to many who call themselves patriots—we say, think of the shame that must rest upon her if her security demands and receives the blood of one old brave bad man.

### *DR. CHEEVER'S BEGGING LETTER.*

From The N. Y. Observer.

IT is an extraordinary letter. It was written for the *London* people, with no expectation that it would ever come back with other curses, like chickens, to roost on the Church of the Puritans.

It is extraordinary that a first-class, long-established Church, in the most fashionable quarter of the town, should send a female agent over sea to ask alms. A mission Church, a feeble Church, a humble Church, struggling into existence, or unable to build a house of worship for itself, and in a part of the town where a Church is needed, might be justified in asking aid wherever aid is to be found. But this Church has a building in a most costly situation, with a property in its possession that might be readily sold for one hundred thousand dollars! Is such an enterprise to go a begging? Is it right for the rich to ask *charity?* Is it less than robbery for a Church in such a position, with such possessions, to take the contributions of the public who, not aware of the facts, suppose the object to be poor and suffering? It is extraordinary that a Christian minister should write a letter containing so many statements known by everybody in this country to be without any foundation in fact. This is the mildest form in which we can give a positive denial of the truth of many declarations in the letter. It is not true that this is the only or almost the only Church where *abolitionism* is preached persistently. If the writer means to say that no one else preaches in his spirit, he may be nearly correct. It is only a question of degrees. There are several pulpits in this city, and scores in other places, where the modern doctrines of radical Abolitionists are preached with as much boldness, with as much ability, and as much persistency, as they are by Dr. Cheever. But in most of these Churches the doctrine is taught by men who feel that if they profess to preach the gospel, they ought to try to imitate the spirit of its Author. No one who hears Dr. Cheever suspects him of any such attempt. It is a common remark concerning him, "the man must be crazy." But the remark is not true. The man knows what he is doing. It is his spirit which is wrong. He deals in cursing instead of blessing. He does not speak the truth in love. Yet he ventures to write a letter to a foreign country to obtain money for his Church as if he were the only out-spoken abolition preacher in the land! He says:

"And it is a solemn fact that almost nowhere else is the Word of God proclaimed freely, fully, persistently, on the Sabbath, against this sin. A paragraph is sometimes let off, or a sermon on a fast-day; and, if this is not followed by disturbance and wrath henceforward, on the score of that solitary demonstration, the minister and the Church profess to be sufficiently anti-slavery, and unite in opposing any Church or minister that will go much further; there is no purpose whatever for the abolition of the sin. Indeed, the very men who boast of being anti-slavery are opposed to abolitionism and denounce the Abolitionists. So that really in some respects things are in about as bad a state as they can be, and in many quarters the most diabolical pro-slavery spirit is conjoined with the highest profession of piety and orthodoxy."

If the British public believe this, they are egregiously imposed upon. We say these things with the full knowledge of the responsibility attached to the statement, while we assure the people of England that there is not a man living in America *who believes that Dr. Cheever's statement is true.* It is extraordinary, too, that Dr. Cheever should put forth such a statement as the following, knowing the possibility of its travelling back to stare him in the face. He says:

"Though sometimes we are almost in despair, yet, when we remember that the Word of God has really not yet been tried in the conflict, but excluded from it, muzzled, suffocated, buried in silence, or perverted into sanction of the sin, so that its omnipotence is a power yet in reserve, we cannot but hope that God intends this mighty and glorious demonstration, and that, when we are driven more despairingly to Him, and it is perfectly manifest that neither politics, nor statistics, nor theories of free soil, nor free labor, even the fruit of freedom, nor any political party, nor any demonstrations of science or philanthropy, can save us, then He will set some souls on fire, and let loose the thunderings and lightnings of His Word, as in the first great Reformation, with such overwhelming majesty that nothing can stand against it. I am a very poor hand to make a beginning, a poor, miserable vessel for such fire, and yet I am constrained into it, and cannot draw back; and as there must be a beginning in some quarter, or there can be no conflagration, or cannonading at all, it may as well begin in our Church and my ministry as anywhere else, if God please."

So far from the truth is the declaration here made that we may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that no one subject has been more thoroughly discussed in the light of divine truth, within the last twenty-five years, in this country, than the question of slavery. The pulpit and press have ceased not, year in and year out, to examine it, and their preaching and teaching have been given to the public without let or hindrance. And the pretence that "a poor, miserable vessel" has been raised up to [illegible] reform in the latter half of the year 1859 is quite as ridiculous as anything that has occurred since the century began.

### *CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.*

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

IT is currently believed in this city that the "Church of the Puritans" has been converted into a school for the education of *lunatics*. The proficiency of pupils, under their enthusiastic teacher, is wonderful. They acquire the arts and go through with the exercises of *monomania* in a style very agreeable to themselves and their special admirers. The particular lesson just now under study is styled by Wharton, in his Treatise on Insanity, *politico-mania*. Says this learned author: "Psychical infection, according to Ellinger, is peculiarly operative in political relations. Attempts at insurrections, acts of lawlessness against government, murderous assaults upon public officers, become, at times, epidemic. Marc illustrates this by many examples." Superadded to the *politico-mania*, which has seized the *Puritan Asylum*, is a rabid system of *mammonistic mania*, which manifests itself chiefly in an inordinate craving after money, to do away with the necessity of sustaining a constant *miracle*. Blended with these is the *egotistic mania*, under the influence of which Dr. Cheever claims to be the sole preacher of God's Word, in its integrity, in this city; and his friends have, under the influence of the same disorder, made an attempt to sanctify billingsgate, and to secure for blasphemy the attributes of prayer. How long the Church of the Puritans will continue its public entertainments in the above line, we do not know. All things have an end.

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Church of the Puritans, held Monday evening, Nov. 14, 1859, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas this Board learn, through the public prints, that a Miss Johnstone has made appeals to the people of Great Britain for funds to sustain the Church of the Puritans; and it appears by a letter of the pastor of the Church addressed to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of England, that he (the pastor) and some individuals have authorized Miss Johnstone to collect money in Great Britain for this purpose;

"And whereas, in the opinion of this Board, such an appeal is contrary to the best interests of the Church and Society, and calculated to injure them in the estimation of the Christian public, since the contributions sought are for the purpose of meeting the ordinary expenses of worship, which rightly belong to the congregation to pay;

"Resolved, therefore, That this Board disavow all responsibility for the acts of Miss Johnstone as authorized by the Society or its Trustees."

This manifesto, we take it, is about equivalent to a notice to quit. There is no reason why a first-class, prosperous Church should not be maintained on Union square; and should the Presbyterians take the control there (as has been quietly suggested during the past week by some of the Trustees), a favorable change may be expected. As for Congregationalism in New York city, it is pretty much used up; and *The Independent* newspaper is chiefly responsible for this result. No denomination could long stand such an infliction.—*Journal of Commerce.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S EXPLANATION OF THE CAUSE.—The cause of the agitation which has so long disturbed the country, and which has recently produced such bad results at Harper's Ferry, was well described by Daniel Webster, in one of his memorable speeches in the United States Senate:

"Now, sir, this prejudice has been produced by the incessant attacks of Abolition doctrines, by Abolition presses and Abolition lecturers on the common mind. No drum-head in the longest day's march was ever more incessantly beaten than the feelings of the public in certain parts of the North. They have been beaten every month, and every week, and every day, by the din and roll and rub-a-dub of Abolition presses and Abolition lecturers, and that it is which has created these prejudices."

It is for the bold and outspoken utterances of this kind that the presses and lecturers alluded to by the great statesman are now reviling his character, desecrating his memory, and crying "Down with the statue!" But the history which will be read by the remotest posterity will show how futile and vain are such efforts to mar the brightness of Webster's fame, and to lessen the hold which he has upon the grateful affection and pride of his countrymen.—*N. O. Picayune.*

## Selections.

### *ABOLITION PREACHING DISCOVERED TO BE POPULAR.*

WE owe our thanks to the newspapers that have given publicity to a letter addressed to Rev. Mr. Spurgeon of London, containing a description of what we know, and what all the world know, to be true concerning the opposition of the churches and the ministry in this country against abolitionism; also concerning the difficulties and enemies that any church and pastor must encounter if they proclaim the Word of God against slaveholding as a crime, and slaveholders as men-stealers. A striking evidence of this is in the fact that the very men who have been berating and abusing us for so preaching the Word of God, denouncing us as fanatical, insane, malignant, fiery-tempered, denunciatory, wrathful, do now, the moment we have made it known in Great Britain that such is the temper of Christian conservatism in this country against the preaching of abolitionism, turn round and abuse us as guilty of egotism and slander; egotism in proclaiming our own church as almost the only church where the Word of God is preached persistently, plainly, and on the Sabbath, against slaveholding as sin (the very practice for which they have denounced us as being insane); and slander for intimating that almost nowhere else is the abomination of such alleged political preaching committed. They accuse us of slander in affirming that preachers almost universally abhor and avoid that very kind of preaching, the abstinence from which, and its careful avoidance, they themselves have applauded as the perfection of Christian wisdom and conservatism.

The truth is, that while such men abhor the taint of abolitionism on this side the water, they would be very glad to get the reputation of it where any popularity is to be gained thereby. They denounce every man who will preach against slavery here, and at the same time denounce any man as a slanderer of his country who exposes abroad the fact that such preaching is so hated and forbidden! But if it is the very perfection of a conservative piety to keep the subject of slavery out of the pulpit and the church, to silence the Word of God in regard to it, and to keep down all agitation of it, as a desecration of the Sabbath, and a pernicious, fanatical ultraism, why should they be enraged at having it known abroad that this kind of piety is almost universal, and that they are quite successful in tabooing and muzzling the church, the ministry and the pulpit? Moreover, let them point out, if they can, one single pulpit where the Word of God is perseveringly proclaimed, *on the Sabbath*, against *slaveholding* as *sin*.

Two of the prominent pastors in this city are, we believe, just at this time preaching their twenty-fourth anniversary sermons, and recounting how many thousand discourses they have given to their people. Will the respected editor of *The New York Commercial Advertiser* have the kindness to inform us if ever either of these pastors preached one solitary sermon or lecture, either on the Sabbath or a week day, against the reigning sovereignty of our country? Will he tell us if he ever heard any such sermon preached in the church which he attends? Will he inform us if he has ever known of any such sermon on the Sabbath, by any preacher in the whole Presbyterian Church, New School or Old? Will he say that it is *not* true that the whole church is set against such preaching; that it is odious and unpopular in the extreme; or that pro-slavery doctrines and sentiments are *not* combined with the highest professions of orthodoxy and piety? He is too regardful of the truth, and has too much regard likewise for his own reputation for honesty and common sense, to make any such denial.

The editor of *The New York Times* has designated our application for sympathy and aid from the friends of the enslaved, in the fearful conflict we are now waging against the Slave Power in our own country, as a disgraceful appeal! We desire it to be distinctly understood that, so far from regarding it as in any way disgraceful, we are thankful to God that a Christian Public exists in Great Britain untainted by slavery, to whom we *can* appeal for aid, secure of their sympathy. And as to our *need* of such aid, since it is in the noblest cause both of humanity and piety that we have been contending, in behalf of the oppressed and enslaved, and for the freedom of the truth of God against oppression, it is the highest honor for any church and ministry to have been exposed to difficulty and the endurance of reproach and injury in such a cause. A church that is made poor by the energetic and effectual opposition it has maintained against the sin of slaveholding, and the muzzling of the Word of God on that subject, may well thank God for a poverty so produced and encountered, and may be proud of the necessity of seeking aid for maintaining the conflict against this gigantic, despotic, all-conquering iniquity and cruelty.

Often in this conflict we have had occasion to recur to the lines in one of Churchill's vigorous satires:

"The man whose hardy spirit doth engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know
That every rogue he meets will be his foe."

But quite as often have we remembered Burke's noble declaration, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the very nature and constitution of things, that obloquy and abuse are essential parts of triumph. We have persistently attacked slavery and slaveholding as a sin condemned of God in the same category with murder, and sentenced by him to the penalty of death. We have affirmed that all persons guilty of it ought to be excommunicated from the Christian Church, and that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and every Missionary Association, ought to condemn this crime, and forbid its sanction in missionary churches, using the utmost of their authority and moral power against it. Instantly the minions of the Slave Power, and the apologists for slavery, have attacked us, denouncing us as malignant, vile-tempered, bitter, malevolent, insane. We have been publicly posted as crazy, and the accusation of madness has been so reiterated, and the warnings against it and us so reverberated, and the representation so widely credited, and we have been so universally charged with *ultraism*, a synonym of lunacy in the minds of many, that we really began to feel that we stood quite alone in this madness. And we have expressed this belief. In the progress of the malady, we have been compelled to acknowledge that it was a solemn truth that our Church of the Puritans was almost the only church where the Word of God was preached directly, persistently, and on the Sabbath, against slaveholding as sin. We have confessed that we were thus crazy, and that nearly the whole Christian world besides, in our country, had kept their senses. We have had the audacity to intimate this to our sympathizing Christian brethren and friends on the other side the Atlantic.

But now suddenly our accusers and enemies turn round and tell us that we are egotists and slanderers, not merely madmen, for that there are scores of popular and distinguished preachers as mad as we; only that *their* madness does not diminish their revenues, does not make them poor, does not interfere at all with their popularity, but rather increases it. There are scores of as faithful preachers of abolitionism by the Word of God, only their madness does not make their people mad, does not rouse up any opposition, does not drive away any of their hearers, but is soothing and gentle, winning and lovely, sweet, attractive and mild. They can preach abolitionism so lovingly, so attractively, that their very Southern brethren are drawn to their hearts in sympathy, and no slaveholder objects to the preaching. They can direct the thunderings and lightnings of the Word of God against slaveholding as a system, or at least against its abuses, and yet not offend the slaveholder, nor the apologists for slaveholding, but can still sail upon the tide of popular applause, even with their avowed abolitionism. And is not this a great and glorious triumph, and ought we not to rejoice to find seven thousand such prophets in Israel, who not only have not bowed the knee to Baal, but persistently, on the Sabbath, preach against him to his face, and denounce the whole multitude of his worshippers, with popular applause?

We should be glad to learn the art of such popularity. We should rejoice in such a discovery; but we really are at a loss to harmonize the popularity of preaching abolitionism with the universal denunciation of such preaching as a diabolical madness. We have not obtained the invention, and so, because we cannot drive this conflict of the Word of God against slaveholding as manstealing, and continue, as a church, wealthy, fashionable, crowded, and popular, we are deliberately and seriously counselled to quit the city. We have received a public warning in one of the newspapers, that inasmuch as *our* preaching of abolitionism gives offence, inasmuch as it is, to say the least, not popular, but diminishes our revenues, and renders aid in this conflict against slavery somewhat desirable, therefore the Church of the Puritans ought to be suppressed. There are scores of preachers against slavery where such preaching does not prevent their popularity, nor is *their* abolitionism offensive to our Southern brethren; and therefore any example of abolition preaching which is unpopular ought to be put down. The Spartans never punished stealing, but only the being found out; it was a virtue to steal adroitly, a crime to be discovered. Just so now, if any man will preach against slavery so as to please our Southern brethren, enlarge the church revenues, and secure the popular applause, he may be permitted to stay in the city; he shall be rewarded; but if he preaches abolitionism in an unpopular way, if he is so ill-tempered as really to abhor slavery, and so ill-mannered as to show that he abhors it, and so direct and offensive with God's Word as to prove from it that the slaveholder is the man-stealer, and ought to be excommunicated from the Christian Church, thenceforth his pulpit and church must be suppressed, and himself expelled as a malignant and a madman.

Let our anxious and sympathizing readers be encouraged. There is progress. It is not abolitionism which is feared and hated in the city, but unpopularity and poverty. The proposition to suppress a church, not because it goes against slavery, but because in this conflict it was in danger of becoming poor, is novel, but it shows great advancement in civilization and morals. There was a time when you could set the mob against a church almost merely by pronouncing the word Abolitionism; wealth was no consideration at all. It is evident now that the contempt and dread of poverty have outrun the rage against abolitionism, and you secure its triumph, especially in the churches, the moment it will pay.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

### JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

MRS. CHILD'S REPLY TO GOV. WISE.

IN your civil but very diplomatic reply* to my letter, you inform me that I have a constitutional right to visit Virginia, for practical purposes, in common with every citizen of the United States. I was perfectly well aware that such was the *theory* of constitutional obligation in the slave States; but I was also aware of what you omit to mention, viz., that the Constitution has, in reality, been completely and systematically nullified whenever it suited the convenience or the policy of the Slave Power. Your constitutional obligation, for which you profess so much respect, has never proved any protection to citizens of the free States who happened to have a black, brown or yellow complexion; nor to any white citizen whom you even suspected of entertaining opinions opposite to your own, on a question of vast importance to the temporal welfare and moral example of our common country. This total disregard of constitutional obligation has been manifested not merely by the Lynch law of mobs in the slave States, but by the deliberate action of magistrates and legislators. What regard was paid to constitutional obligation in South Carolina, when Massachusetts sent the Hon. Mr. Hoar there as an envoy, on a purely legal errand? Mr. Hedrick, Professor of Polical Economy in the University of North Carolina, had a constitutional right to reside in that State. What regard was paid to that right, when he was driven from his home, merely for declaring

distinguished for candor, courtesy and stainless integrity, was half murdered by slaveholders, merely for having the manliness to state these facts to the assembled Congress of the nation. Peaceful emigrants from the North, who went to Kansas for no other purpose than to till the soil, erect mills, and establish manufactories, schools, and churches were robbed, outraged and murdered. For many months a war more ferocious than the warfare of wild Indians was carried on against a people almost unresisting, because they relied upon the central government for aid. And, all this while, the power of the United States, wielded by the Slave Oligarchy, was on the side of the aggressors. They literally tied the stones and let loose the mad dogs. This was the state of things when the hero of Osawatomie and his brave sons went to the rescue. It was he who first turned the tide of Border-Ruffian triumph, by showing them that blows were to be taken as well as given.

You may believe it or not, Gov. Wise, but it is certainly the truth that, because slaveholders so recklessly sowed the wind in Kansas, they reaped the whirlwind at Harper's Ferry.

The people of the North had a very strong attachment to the Union; but, by your desperate measures, you have weakened it beyond all power of restoration. They are not your enemies, as you suppose, but they cannot consent to be your tools for any ignoble task you may choose to propose. You must not judge of us by the crawling sinuosities of an Everett; or by our magnificent hound, whom you trained to hunt your poor cripples, and then sent him sneaking into a corner to die—not with shame for the base purpose to which his strength had been applied, but with vexation because you withheld from him the promised bone. Not by such as these must you judge the free, enlightened yeomanry of New England. A majority of them would rejoice to have the slave States fulfil their oft-repeated threat of withdrawal from the Union. It has ceased to be a bugbear, for we begin to despair of being able, by any other process, to give the world the example of a real republic. The moral sense of these States is outraged by being accomplices in sustaining an institution vicious in all its aspects; and it is now generally understood that we purchase our disgrace at great pecuniary expense. If you would only make the offer of a separation in serious earnest, you would hear the hearty response of millions, "Go, gentlemen, and

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

Yours, with all due respect, L. MARIA CHILD.

## RELIEF FOR THE FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.

A meeting was held in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, to adopt measures of relief for the family of John Brown. Two thousand people were present. John A. Andrew, Esq., presided, Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D.D. (Baptist), offered prayer, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. M. Manning, Junior Pastor of the Old South (Orthodox) Church, John A. Andrew, R. W. Emerson and Wendell Phillips.

### SPEECH OF REV. MR. MANNING.

Mr. Manning thought it was rather difficult to speak of the subject on hand to-night without expressing an opinion regarding the affair at Harper's Ferry. He should never have advised Brown to do what he has done. Filibusters went to Southern lands to rescue men from Spanish tyranny, and were not molested. But Brown had interfered with home tyranny and must die. Brown was not insane. He was the sword in the hand of a Higher Power. He was the finger of God writing upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace the doom of tyrants. Mr. Manning took his hearers back to the day of the Boston Massacre, when Crispus Attucks, the colored man, fought in defence of the liberty of white men. No patriot would have advised his attack on the British soldiery. But the citizens of Boston followed his remains to the grave in long procession, and year after year celebrated the anniversary of that massacre. The last public address Joseph Warren made before he fell at Bunker Hill was on such an occasion—an address made in the very face of British bayonets, and defying intimidation. After Bunker Hill, that celebration was changed to the Fourth of July. Daniel Webster said that from the day of the Boston massacre was dated the disruption of the British empire. So might it be with the death of John Brown. Should, half a century hence, its result be the freedom of the whole land, no man would find fault with the battle of Harper's Ferry—when some other Daniel, at a safe distance, might say that from the moment when John Brown swung between heaven and earth, might be dated the beginning of the end of American slavery. Mr. Manning drew other parallels. The government journals of 1770 charged the trouble on the ministers stirring up the people. The patriots said that it was caused by parading British regiments in Boston. So does the Slave Power parade before Northern consciences the revolting wickedness of slavery. The speaker then counselled, at some length, the cherishing of love for the slaveholder while we hated slavery. Faithfulness linked with love and firm adherence to duty was the rightful path, remembering that the roots of slavery were in Northern soil as well as Southern.

### SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was next introduced. Mr. Andrew, in introducing Mr. Emerson, said that we had just heard from the Old South Church, with its holy memories of patriots, and we would turn next to the battle ground of Concord. He quoted a verse of Mr. Emerson's poetry, and the whole introduction was unusually felicitous.

Mr. Emerson spoke substantially as follows: In reference to the cause which has brought us together, the gentleman who preceded me has well said that between us, whatever our theological views, no wall of separation could here exist. That commanding event, the sequel to which has brought us together to-night, eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history. I am glad to see that the prevalent interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked curiosity in all parts of the country in regard to the details of his individual history. It is not wonderful that gentlemen in all parts of the country are finding threads of relationship between themselves, and he was happily a representative of the American republic. This John Brown is a farmer, the sixth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in 1620, in the Mayflower. I say the sixth, and all the six were farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, Connecticut, was a captain in Revolutionary history. His father was largely interested in cattle, and became a contractor for the supply of beef to the army in 1812. Our Captain Brown, then a boy, with his father, was present as a witness at the surrender of Hull. Captain Brown cherished always a very high respect for his father as a man of strong character. It is probable that his estimate was just. As for Captain Brown himself, he is so transparent that all men can see through him. He is a man to make himself felt wherever in the world courage and integrity are esteemed—the rarest of heroes, and yet a pure idealist. Every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple and artless goodness and his sublime courage. He joins the high faith of the good man with the Revolutionary spirit of his grandfather. He believes in two instruments—the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. When he was here he used in conversation these words: "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by violent death than that one word of these two should be broken in this country." There is a Unionist and a strict constructionist for you. He believes in the union of American States, and he conceives that the only enemy of the Union is slavery, and for this reason, as a patriot, he seeks its abolition. Governor Wise has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that does discredit to the moderation of our own timid partisans. Captain Brown's speeches to the Court have interested a nation in him. What artlessness and plainness! If he had interfered in behalf of the great or the wealthy, or the wise, he said, no one would have blamed him; but he believed that, when he interfered in behalf of a poor and despised people, he was doing right. What a favorite will he be in history, which plays such pranks with mere temporary reputations. Nothing can resist it. If he suffers death, it is plain that he will drag certain official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. Indeed, it is the resolution of the Governor of Virginia to hang the man who he says possesses the greatest integrity, truthfulness and courage that he ever met. Is that the kind of men for whom the gallows is built? No man dare believe that there exists in Virginia another man as worthy to live, as deserving of public and private honors, as this poor prisoner. But we are here to think of the relief of the family of John Brown. To my eyes, the family looks very large and in need of relief. It comprises his brave fellow-sufferers in the jail, the poor fugitives who are hunted still in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania, all the sympathizers in every State, and every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence like him, and who sees the tiger instinct that threatens himself in the malignant public sentiment that exists at the South. I said, just now, that John Brown is an idealist, but he believes in his ideas to such an extent that he labored to put them all into action. He did not believe in moral suasion, but in putting things through. We in Massachusetts fancy we are free, but it seems that we are somewhat mistaken. We have great population, great wealth, great talent, and yet life and freedom are not safe, because the judges rely on the forms of law, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the sail before the storm. They assume that the United States can protect the prisoner and his witness. The State Judges fear a collision between two belligerents, and cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State. At a pinch they are of no more use than idiots. After a thing has been done, they may wring their hands at the result, but they had better never been born. A Vermont Judge knows the laws protect with their whole power the citizen, and is worth a whole court-house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. Is any man in Massachusetts so simple as to not believe that when a United States Court in Virginia, in these times of excitement, sends into the North for a witness, it wants him to slaughter and eat? Your habeas corpus may be a nuisance by taking away the right reliance of a citizen and substituting therefor a form. I hope, then, that in addition to our relief to the family of John Brown, we shall endeavor to relieve all those in whose behalf he suffers and all those who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him, also, in the best way by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts itself. Mr. Emerson spoke about twenty-three or four minutes.

Mr. Andrew then said that Mr. Emerson had not come empty handed, but had brought with him from Concord a contribution of fifty dollars. A Finance Committee was appointed to solicit further subscriptions. The Chairman next introduced Wendell Phillips, who made the closing address. The meeting throughout was enthusiastic and the speakers were frequently and loudly applauded.

## THE PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

### TREPIDATION AND CONSTERNATION OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1859.

All is quiet at Charlestown, but the military forces are steadily augmenting there. The barns, stock-yards and farming implements, amounting in value to many thousands of dollars, the property of Messrs. John Burns, George H. Tate and M. Shirley, all of whom were jurors upon the late trials, have been destroyed by incendiaries.

Rumors obtained circulation at Charlestown and at Harper's Ferry to the effect that a large body of armed men had passed the Ohio near Wheeling *en route* to the rescue of Brown. The news had created the utmost consternation, and Col. Davis, the commander of the Militia left at Charlestown, had telegraphed to Gov. Wise for the additional force of five hundred men, as he was on the eve of a sanguinary battle. A despatch from Wheeling, however, sets this preposterous rumor at rest, as no body of men, with hostile intent, had been observed to pass the river in that neighborhood. Ohio appears to be the quarter from which the rescue is anticipated. A letter in cypher, dated at Urbana, Ohio, and addressed to Brown, is said to have been found, in which he is recommended to keep in good cheer, as his friends are mustering, and will drop along one after another. Mr. Andrew Hunter, who acted for the Commonwealth in the recent prosecutions, is cited as one authority for the conviction that the rescue of the prisoners will be attempted.

The rumored invasion seems to have produced a decisive effect at Richmond. Four hundred men left for Charlestown in the morning train, Gov. Wise accompanying them; and other forces were advancing from Petersburg.

HARPER'S FERRY, Sunday, Nov. 20—p. m.

The fresh excitement was caused by the arrival from Bellair, near Wheeling, of a man named Smith Crane, who stated that he had incidentally overheard a conversation between some men, who had organized a band of five hundred to march to the release of Brown and the other prisoners at Charlestown. He immediately set out for Harper's Ferry to apprise the inhabitants of the fact.

It was also rumored at Charlestown that a fight had occurred in Clarke County between some citizens and a party of strangers, and a detachment was sent to the scene of disturbance.

On the receipt of these rumors, despatches were sent by Col. Davis to Gov. Wise for five hundred more troops, who arrived here this evening, the Governor being with them, and our town is again bristling with bayonets and considerably excited. No one, however, is at all afraid of the result, even if an attempt should be made. Col. Davis has made ample provision for any number of the enemy who may make a call. More troops are being demanded of the Governor, but this may be as much to protect the prisoners from the populace as anything else. As far as I can learn, there is no cause to apprehend danger.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20, 1859.

The extra train, with Gov. Wise and the First Regiment, arrived at Harper's Ferry at 4:30. The Petersburg battalion, four companies, arrived here by the boat in the afternoon, and waited instructions from the Governor.

Roger A. Pryor and the venerable Hugh Pleasants are privates in the Petersburg battalion.

BALTIMORE, Sunday, Nov. 20.

Gov. Wise was waited upon at the Washington Junction by several officers of the railroad, with whom he conversed quite freely with regard to the excitement. The Governor was understood to say, in response to the suggestions that the rumors were probably unfounded, that though he might be regarded as making unnecessary preparations for an enemy that might not appear, yet in so grave a matter, and with the clear and positive evidence in his possession of the existence of an intention and an organization to attempt a rescue of the State prisoners, he preferred to have fifty times too many men to having one too few, and the best way, in his judgment, to prevent serious trouble was to fully prepare to meet it. He did not for a moment credit the idea that any armed force would boldly march to the scene to undertake a rescue, but did believe that bad men were planning an attempt, by gathering singly, or in pairs, to be in readiness in case success would seem at all possible. He was informed that the property of three of the jurors who condemned Brown had been burned within the past forty-eight hours, which impressed him with the conviction that there were now emissaries or accomplices in the vicinity of Charlestown.

Gov. Wise further declared that while it would gratify him to find that no effort at a rescue would be made, and that his visit and attendant provisions were entirely precautions, yet he believed they would be useful to Virginia, for Virginia's the end, as showing the alacrity with which her volunteers responded to a public call, and the ease and promptness with which she could concentrate them in force to maintain her laws or to repel the violent invasion of her soil.

The Governor says it will give Virginia a military experience, even if the rumors should all prove unfounded, so that they will know how to protect their borders hereafter, if occasion should occur.

Gov. Wise, with three of the companies, has just started for Charlestown. The others will remain here until to-morrow.

RICHMOND, Saturday, Nov. 21.

It is authoritatively stated that the present movement is more to quiet the alarmed population of the upper counties, and, by the presence of an overpowering force, to prevent any futile attempt at rescue, which might result in bloody work, than from fears of any armed body of men from Ohio or elsewhere. It was known to be Gov. Wise's intention to order the regiment to Charlestown in a few days, for camp duty, previous to the execution, but the prevalence of these groundless alarms tended to accelerate the movement.

CHARLESTOWN, Monday, Nov. 21, 1859.

Order prevails here now. The excitement of Saturday has subsided, and no suspicious parties have been discovered. Gov. Wise has received letters from intelligent and responsible parties in the North and West assuring him of the organization of bands for rescue. The presence of the military has restored composure and calmness to the public mind. The military are preparing an encampment. The Governor will return to Richmond to-morrow. We have cavalry, artillery and infantry enough to encounter a small army of sympathizers.

It is rumored that Gov. Wise has received a despatch from Gov. Chase, of Ohio, informing him that a large body of men—from six hundred to a thousand—are arming for a rescue, under command of John Brown, Jr., and will undoubtedly start for Charlestown. Wise is said to have replied that if Gov. Chase allows them to cross the line, he will enter proceedings against him for treason. Also, a despatch was received on Saturday from United States Marshal Johnson, of Ohio, stating that six hundred to a thousand men were arming for a rescue in that State. John Brown, Jr., is the reported commander.

## FACTS, INCIDENTS, &c.

### CARD OF WILLIAM J. WATKINS.

William J. Watkins, of Rochester, has published a card in reply to intimations that he was informed beforehand of Brown's intention to invade Virginia, and therefore liable to be sent for as a traitor, or as a witness against Stevens. He reminds his assailants that, as the U. S. Government has declared him, on account of his color, to be no citizen, it cannot charge him with treason, and, as colored men are not allowed to testify in the Courts of Virginia, his presence would hardly be of service to the slaveholders. He adds:

"As to my being implicated in the Harper's Ferry affair, all I have to say is that I am not at all aware of the fact. I wish no honor conferred upon me to which I am not justly entitled. I do not, sir, believe in the wisdom of fighting without there is a reasonable probability of whipping somebody. All the objection I have to insurrections to free the slave is embodied in this assertion. I believe that 'resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.' I glory in such resistance, anywhere and everywhere. And I deeply regret that the glorious and sublime old hero, Captain Brown, was not thoroughly successful in rescuing the most despicable, and at the same time most outrageous, tyranny that ever disgraced the civilized world. The motto of every man who is enslaved should be, 'Give me liberty, or I'll give you (the oppressor) death.'"

### THE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNOR WISE.

A meeting was held at Bowling Green, Caroline Co., Va., on Monday, without respect to party, Dr. John T. Butler in the chair, in which resolutions were passed thanking President Buchanan for the promptness of his action in regard to the late invasion of Virginia at Harper's Ferry, and also sustaining and commending Gov. Wise for his promptitude in hastening to the scene of action, his firmness while there, and the zeal which he has shown in bringing guilty offenders to justice.

### ARRESTS AT CULPEPPER, VA.

A telegraph despatch from Culpepper Court-house says: "A number of pedlars and suspicious characters have been arrested here of late, and it is the intention of our citizens to put all strangers, who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, in confinement. Public feeling seems to have been highly wrought upon."

### STEVENS TO BE TRIED IN STAUNTON, VA.

Judge Parker, at the instance of Gov. Wise, has handed over Stevens, one of the Harper's Ferry conspirators, to Mr. Martin, United States Marshal for the Western District of Virginia. Unless, therefore, the prisoner, who is severely wounded, should die beforehand, the trial will take place before Judge Brockenbrough, in Staunton, in May next. The object of the transfer is said to be to compel the attendance of certain parties at the North as witnesses. The trial will be without appeal, as, from the peculiar legislation affecting the jurisdiction of the federal district, Judge Taney has decided that no Circuit Court for the United States can be held therein. Consequently all such cases as this, in which otherwise an appeal would lie to a United States Circuit Court, must be final.—*Staunton Spectator.*

### DR. HOWE'S CARD.

Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, has published a letter denying that he ever knew anything of Cook till he saw his name connected with the Harper's Ferry outbreak, and saying that that event was unforeseen and unexpected by him. Beyond this he is substantially silent as to his relations to Brown and his schemes. He adds:

"Nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence, and his reluctance to shed blood, or excite servile insurrection. It is still, to me, a mystery and a marvel. As to the heroic man who planned and led that forlorn hope, my relations with him in former times were such as no one ought to be afraid or ashamed to avow. If ever my testimony to his high qualities can be of use to him or his, it shall be forthcoming at the fitting time and place. But neither this nor any other testimony shall be extorted for unrighteous purposes, if I can help it."

Dr. Howe then refers to an extraordinary act of Congress, passed in 1846, by which a United States judge may send a marshal to any part of the Union to arrest a witness, take him before him and compel him to enter into recognizance to give testimony in any case, or, on his failure to do so, may place him in prison until he is called to testify. This process Dr. Howe seems to apprehend will be used in the trial of Stevens before the U. S. Court in Virginia, and he says:

"I am told by high legal authority that Massachusetts is so trammelled by the bonds of the Union that, as matters now stand, she cannot, or dare not, protect her citizens from such forcible extradition; and that each one must protect himself, as he best may. Upon that hint I shall act, preferring to forego anything rather than the right to free thought and free speech."

The Doctor is said to have gone to Canada. "This," says *The Times*, "is treated by some journals as an indication of their complicity in the crime, and by others as mere cowardice. In the interest of fair play we are constrained to say that neither of these imputations seems to us to be warranted by the facts of the case.

"It must be remembered that if summoned by Federal authority to attend anywhere in the United States as witnesses, these men must go, and such summons can be procured on the affidavit of any citizen of Virginia. Once within the limits of that State, they are amenable to its legal process, and would, beyond all doubt, be instantly arrested on the charge of having been accessory to the crime for which Brown has been sentenced to death. The whole object of Gov. Wise in handing Stevens over to the Federal authorities for trial is unquestionably to bring sundry obnoxious Northern men within reach of Virginia law. Whether it is a device worthy of one in his position, we need not stop to inquire. But it can scarcely be considered strange that none of these gentlemen, whether innocent or guilty, should be willing thus to be drawn into the peculiar perils which would beset them in Virginia in the present excited state of the public mind. For they would encounter not only the danger of being tried by a Virginia jury, but the additional perils of a Virginia mob. Mr. Henry Hunter's statement of his own agency in the cold-blooded murder of an unarmed, wounded and disabled man at Harper's Ferry, and the utter absence of a single voice or word of disapprobation from the whole State of Virginia of that most inhuman and unparalleled act, show clearly enough the public tone and temper in that vicinity. What would the life of Fred. Douglass or of Dr. Howe be worth in Richmond or in Charlestown at the present moment?"

### JOHN E. COOK.

The *Christian Intelligencer* of this city, the organ of the Ref. Dutch Church, and a most unscrupulous and malignant sheet in its opposition to the anti-slavery cause, while crying out for vengeance upon John Brown as vehemently as the Jews cried out against Jesus, "Crucify him, crucify him!" puts in a plea for mercy in behalf of Cook on account of "his youth, his visionary and impressible character, his involvement with bad men," &c. "This we say," adds that journal, "from an intimate knowledge of the character of the unfortunate young man. He was, a few years ago, a member of the congregation of which the writer is the pastor. He was then a law student in Williamsburg, and a young man of blameless morals and industrious habits. When the writer knew him, he had no abolition sympathies, nor malevolent purposes against any. As an attendant at church, and a teacher in a then mission Sabbath School, he displayed tendencies of disposition at once amicable and admirable."

This writer, after thus admitting that he was at one time Cook's minister, has the imprudence (not to say impudence) to speak of John Brown as "properly educated, and in the right school," for "deeds of blood." As the old man has been an "evangelical" professor of the strictest orthodoxy from his youth up, we must infer from this that the *Intelligencer* regards the Presbyterian Church as a school for the education of murderers!

### FEARS OF A SLAVEHOLDING COMMUNITY.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, in a lecture delivered at Providence on the 16th of November, said:

"We do not realize the constant anxiety in which so many of our citizens perpetually are. More than forty years ago John Randolph said, in one of his speeches, 'The night bell never tolls for fire in Richmond that the mother does not clasp her infant closer to her bosom.' That fear still exists. A lady of my family travelled in the interior of Virginia just after the massacre committed by the slaves at Southampton. She was received with true Virginia hospitality; everything bore the appearance of wealth and tranquillity in a family of a mother and five young ladies, whose beauty and refinement shed a charm over the home which they adorned. It seemed to be the abode of happiness. But appearances are deceitful. The lady of the house confided her real feelings to her guest. All her husband's property consisted of slaves on the plantation. These she was ready to abandon if she and her daughters could only live in the Northern States, and support themselves by the labor of their hands. This feeling was easily accounted for by the scenes through which she had just passed. The news of the insurrection had been received. But few white men belonged to the place, and she was left alone, surrounded by slaves, with no male protector. She fortified the house and armed her daughters with rifles, determined, if resistance was unavailing, to destroy them with her own hand and set fire to the building, and escape by death from a fate more to be dreaded. She remained for many hours in this position and when at length a gentleman rode up, she fainted.

"I once heard a Southern gentleman laugh at the idea of being afraid of slaves, but shortly after, when speaking of another subject, he told me he never went to bed in his life without a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow. When we read the diatribes of some gentlemen from the South, we are apt to be provoked and forget how many thousands of women and children live in constant and daily fear."

### JOHN BROWN'S EARLY HISTORY—ALMOST A D.D.

From The Hartford Press, Nov. 11.

Want of space compels us to abridge somewhat a communication received from Wm. H. Hallock, of Canton Centre, designed to correct erroneous statements concerning Capt. John Brown. We give that portion relating to his early life. The public are already familiar with his history during the past few years.

"In the burying ground near the church in Canton Centre, Conn., stands a marble monument upon which is inscribed the following:

"'In memory of Capt. John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary Army, at New York, Sept. 3d, 1776. He was of the fourth generation in regular descent from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed from the May Flower, at Plymouth, Mass., December 22d, 1620.'

"Captain Brown, at his country's call, led forth a company of West Simsbury (now Canton) troops, to the deadly conflict, and fell a victim to the then prevailing epidemic in the American camp. He left a numerous group of little ones, who were reared by his widow, with singular tact and judgment, to habits of industry and principles of virtue, and all became distinguished citizens in the communities in which they resided. One of the sons became a judge in one of the courts of Ohio. One of the daughters had the honor of giving to one of our most flourishing New England colleges a president for twenty years, in the person of her son.

"Owen Brown, one of the sons, and father of the present Captain John Brown, married a daughter of Gideon Mills, Esq., who was himself (Mills) an officer in the Revolutionary army, and was entrusted with the command of the guard who had in charge a large portion of the prisoners comprising Burgoyne's army, thus proving that John Brown inherits his military spirit through a patriotic ancestry. Soon after the marriage of Owen Brown, he removed with his family to Torringford, Conn., where the present Captain John Brown was born. While he was yet in infancy or early childhood, the parents returned to West Simsbury, and there remained for a few years, when they emigrated to Hudson, Ohio, where Owen Brown became one of the principal pioneer settlers of that then new town, ever respected for his probity and decision of character. He was endowed with energy and enterprise, and went down to his grave honored and respected, about the year 1852 or 1853, aged 87.

"At the age of eighteen or twenty the present Captain John Brown left Hudson, Ohio, and came east with the design of acquiring a liberal education through some of our New England colleges. His ultimate design was the Gospel ministry. In pursuance of this object he consulted and conferred with Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, then clergyman at Canton, Conn. (whose wife was a relative), and, in accordance with advice there obtained, proceeded to Plainfield, Mass., where, under the instruction of the late Rev. Moses Hallock (father of the present senior editor of the *Journal of Commerce*), fitted or nearly fitted for college. While there, pursuing his studies, he was attacked with inflammation of the eyes, which ultimately became chronic, and precluded him from the possibility of the further pursuit of his studies, when he returned to Ohio. Had not this inflammation supervened, John Brown would not have died a Virginia culprit upon a Virginia gallows, but in all probability would have died on a feather bed, with D.D. affixed to his name."

### WRIT OF ERROR REFUSED.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 19, 1859.

The petition of John Brown, for a writ of error to the judgment rendered by the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, was presented to the Supreme Court of Appeals yesterday. The Court to-day refused to award a writ of error, being of opinion that the judgment of the Circuit Court is plainly right. The execution, therefore, takes place on the second of December. Judges Allen, Daniel, Moncure, Lee and Robertson were on the bench.

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE TERROR.

The Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* says that a report reached Milledgeville announcing the belief that a squad of Brown's emissaries were concealed in the neighborhood of Pine Mountain, in Merriweather County, and that an express had been sent to Talbotton for a force to scour that region and capture the miscreants!!!

A frenzied Georgia matron, under the name of "Cassandra," thus appeals to and invokes the Legislature of her State, through the columns of the Atlanta *Chronicle*:

"Legislators of Georgia! look to it! Your fellow-citizens—your wives—your daughters—call upon you for the means of defence. Apply the remedy—buy 10,000 muskets and distribute them at proper points—establish a foundry for making muskets and cannon—make Georgia independent of foreign friends and foreign enemies—build up a thorough military system of citizen soldiery. These are not rash thoughts. The strongest peace-counsellor looks grave at Harper's Ferry. The crisis may come in 1860—an attempted rescue of Brown may bring it on!"

The Richmond *Enquirer*, speaking of the frenzy which Davis, son of Mars, has just kindled in Virginia, says:

"This alarm confirms anonymous communications received by the Executive in the last two days, warning him of the intended raids in different squads along the borders of Virginia and Kentucky. He is also warned of an abolition scheme which may be in concoction to kidnap and spirit away prominent citizens or members of their families, and keep them as hostages for the pardon of the culprits. And he is warned to keep himself and his friends on their guard, and that it is prudent for Virginia, in concert with Maryland, to augment forces near Charlestown and Harper's Ferry as the days of the execution approach; and that the Abolitionists are certainly tampering with and exciting the free negroes at various points in the North to some desperate attempt.

"In view of everything surrounding the State and its border, it will be necessary for the people not to flock in crowds to the scenes of the executions. The times when they occur will be the very times when the homesteads on the border will be most threatened with torches. Let those not under arms at the executions band together as guards of the border. It is very apparent now that a considerable force will be absolutely necessary in all the regions of Loudoun, Clarke, Jefferson and Berkeley Counties. There will be a full military force at the executions; but every citizen not in the ranks, one with another, ought to be arming and organizing as patrols and guards, and as volunteer videttes."

The Baltimore *Patriot* says:

"We were present during the night of wild excitement at Harper's Ferry, when the frightened farmer, Jesse Moore, mistaking the cry of the whip-poor-wills on the mountains for the screams of his neighbors, rode into the town calling to the people to arm themselves and proceed to the assistance of the people in the valley, who were being murdered by Capt. Cook and his band of Abolitionists. Of all the citizens of the Ferry, no one seemed to doubt the truth of the story; and the strangers who were present were regarded with suspicion for expressing the belief that Capt. Cook was flying from the locality to seek the safety of his own neck rather than committing any act that would place it in further jeopardy. Col. Lee, who had command of the Marines, endeavored to quiet the panic and scouted the whole story, but when he found that the entire population of the vicinity had been aroused by the alarm spread by the excited messenger, and were flocking into the town with their wives and children for safety, he concluded to start out with a squad of men to quiet the general apprehension. In a short time he returned and reported the supposed victims of massacre to have been all sound asleep and somewhat frightened by the appearance of a military force under their windows."

A correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes from Charlestown, Nov. 19, as follows:

"Various rumors have been in circulation for the past few days in regard to an attempted rescue, by Northern fanatics, of Brown and his fellow-prisoners, but nothing reliable has been obtained, although it is believed by many intelligent and knowing gentlemen that the attempt will be made. Among these is Andrew Hunter, Esq., whose position and opportunities for knowing all that is transpiring render an opinion from him of much weight. A letter was received a few days ago by this gentleman, addressed to John Brown, post-marked Oberlin, Ohio. The letter was written in characters, but was deciphered by an intelligent lady of our town. It bid him be of good cheer, as his friends would be dropping in one by one. The letter was of course not given to Brown, and is now in possession of Mr. Hunter. Letters are received daily by many of our officials and citizens, some of which are insulting in the extreme, while others only excite a smile of contempt for the miserable Northern fanatics who seek by threats to intimidate persons in official positions."

### THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

From The Richmond Whig.

We are more and more convinced every day that justice and sound policy alike required the execution of Old Brown and his confederates, the moment they were taken. If that course had been pursued, there would have been no room for sympathy for him among the hordes of fanatics and villains at the North. In that event, it would never have been sought to make a hero and a martyr of so fiendish a wretch; and what is more, the prevalent uneasiness and alarm would not now exist, and our people would have been almost as happy and contented as they were before the foray took place.

We have been a compromise man all our lives, but the present condition of affairs is a case which should admit of no compromise. These men, who have plotted against the lives and property of slaveholders, have not the slightest claim to clemency, and we only regret that the public characters at the North whose appeals have moved them to such madness are not also in a condition to share their fate. It would be a just one, and we should be faithless to our families and our firesides did we fail to execute it upon them, when the legal right and the opportunity combine. The abolition foray will never be stopped until we teach men to believe that they risk their necks by the villany.

On the score of policy, we scorn all such appeals. Let the blood of Brown and his comrades be the "seed" of the Abolition Church—let their execution be "grist" taken by the South to the "abolition mill," and let the infernal machinery grind on; the South is able to protect herself, and, what is more, *she intends to do it. We are under no obligations to reform the fanatics of the North.* LET THE NORTH DO HER OWN WORK—we shall do our duty to ourselves. If we cannot conquer abolition at the ballot-box, *we are ready to meet it either in the courts or in the field.*

From The Richmond Dispatch.

The Legislature, which is soon to assemble, will doubtless make great changes in the military laws of the State. We would suggest one which, we think, would prove highly beneficial in all such cases as that presented by the Harper's Ferry outrage. It is to bestow upon every captain of militia, and his officers, the power of forming themselves into a court, for the purpose of trying all cases in which the party has been taken in the act of exciting insurrection, and hanging him on the spot. The execution of a law of this kind, in one or two instances, would have a prodigious effect. When men know that they are to be exalted into heroes and martyrs for attempts of the kind, as Old Brown has been, it may be possible that they will imitate him. But when they find that the only alternative of complete success is to be hung like a dog, and buried in a ditch with ropes around their necks, they will be very cautious how they venture. They will want the stimulant of vanity, which keeps Old Brown up. It is one thing to die for glory, and another to be strangled quietly, and without *éclat*.

### THE SONS OF JOHN BROWN.

The Cleaveland *Herald* of Saturday says: "There were three sons of John Brown with him at Harper's Ferry. Two were killed in the affray—one was killed in the engine-house, and the other died of his wounds a few days subsequent to the affair. These two were Oliver Brown and Watson Brown. The third one, Owen Brown, escaped, and we have it from a source correctly informed that he is safe from the reach of pursuers. We do not know where he is, and do not wish to know, and if we did know should not say even as much as we have above, for while we can in no way excuse the actors in that mad foray, we certainly should let the Virginia officers catch their own insurgents. But Owen Brown was in the affair, and he is now safe. Whether he was buried in Pennsylvania by fugitive slaves, as was Merriam, who, a few days since, turned up in Canada, we can't say, but he got safely away, either on an underground or upper-ground railway.

The same journal asks what became of the bodies of the two Browns and the other insurgents killed at Harper's Ferry? No one has ever recorded the fact of their burial and no one knows that burial was ever given them. Decency—if it has not departed from the Old Dominion—demands an answer to our question. It is said that a surgeon in a town not far distant from Harper's Ferry had the body of one of the Browns and dissected it. Jason Brown, of Summit County, son of Capt. Brown, has written a letter to Gov. Wise asking—in case his father shall be executed—that the body be sent to Ohio for burial, or be delivered to the friends.

### NO HOPE FOR COOK.

A correspondent of *The Richmond Enquirer* intimates, with unmistakable precision, that the chivalry of Charlestown will not permit themselves to be cheated out of the luxury of seeing Cook hanged. He says:

"The commutation of his sentence, so far from giving satisfaction to a majority, would not be endured at all. I say this in the perfect confidence that Jefferson County will never be put to the alternative of submitting to the withdrawal of Cook alive from her midst, or vindicating the majesty of the law by its violation. The people there *do* respect and pity *Gov. Willard and his family* in their disgrace and affliction; but they do not believe that the sentence of a murderer should be commuted on account of the respectability of his connections, nor do they feel called upon either to reward our Northern friends or propitiate our Northern enemies at such a cost. They recognize in Cook, not 'a light-haired, blue-eyed boy,' the child of romance, but a matured and doubly-dyed plotter against their lives and institutions. No time between sentence and execution is too short for a certain class of sickly sentimentalists to interpose their merciful offices between the law and its sanction; but such a sentimentality does not pervade the community in Jefferson, any more than elsewhere in Virginia."

### INDICTMENT FOR SEDITION AT NORFOLK.

The Norfolk *Herald* has the following:

"The Grand Jury on Wednesday found a true bill of indictment against S. Dannenberg, a clothier, of Norfolk. The first count charged him with having used the words: 'John Brown was a good man, and was fighting in a good cause, and did nothing but what any other honest man would do,' and the second count charged that he had uttered the following expressions:

"'John Brown was fighting in a good cause (meaning that he was fighting in the cause of the slave against the master;) and that owners have no right of property in their slaves; and said that Brown did nothing but what any other honest man would do.'"

"Dannenberg had left the city, having received intimation that he had gotten himself into trouble by his language. The case will shortly be called for trial."

### THE PRISONERS.

The prisoners still continue in good spirits, and employ their time principally in writing letters. The two negroes, Copeland and Green, have made professions of conversion, under the ministerial service of the Rev. J. Hoffman Waugh, of the M. E. Church. Brown was approached by a minister of the Presbyterian persuasion, a few days ago, who wished to advise him spiritually. Brown repelled it, saying that he did not worship the same God. The minister was a slaveholder.

The town was visited by a heavy storm last evening, rendering sentinel duty anything but pleasant.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

### ANOTHER ARREST.

*The Alexandria Gazette* of Saturday says:

"A man calling himself Jacob W. Thompson, but whose real name is supposed to be Jacob Smith, was committed to jail on Thursday, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. While in jail he was identified by Mr. Jacob Mitchell, a resident of Harper's Ferry, as one of Brown's men.

"Yesterday, Thompson had a further trial before Justice Summers, when the charge of obtaining money under false pretences was dismissed. He was, however, recommitted to jail to await an examination for being implicated in the Harper's Ferry foray."

### NEGRO MAN KILLED.

From the *Union* we learn that on Friday night last, a negro man belonging to Washington Waller, Esq., was shot dead by a patrol of white men, in Danes Quarter District, Md. An unfounded alarm of insurrection in the neighborhood occasioned a patrol, armed with clubs, guns and other weapons, to proceed, under great excitement, to search the huts of free negroes in the neighborhood. At one of these the unfortunate negro was found. In attempting to escape, he was fired upon by the excited crowd, who mistook him for an insurgent. The shot entered his back, taking effect in his lungs and bowels, and produced instant death.—*Milford (Del.) News.*


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.


CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

### TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of THE STANDARD, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to made prompt payment.

## *THE GLORIOUS UNION!*

THE Battle of Harper's Ferry and its consequences have afforded a new element for the calculation of the Value of the Union. Every historical event, as it comes along, which has any relation to Slavery and Freedom (and we have absolutely none worthy of the name that relates to anything else) is a touchstone of this kind. It will be due to the stup

public opinion, to change his ground and to make professions of hostility to slavery, his breast is not cleansed of the old malignity against the champions of the cause Dr. Thompson is a trimmer by nature, and anti-slavery only so far as is necessary to promote his schemes of clerical ambition. He has no standing whatever as an Abolitionist, though he has sometimes preached a sort of anti-slavery-made-easy, which did not much disturb pro-slavery men, while it served to blind the eyes of some well-meaning but only half-converted opponents of slavery. It was he who accepted the compromise by which it was proposed that the Tract Society should remain silent as to the sin of slavery itself, and only "fraternally discuss" the evils it was "known to promote." He has always been an apologist of the American Board, notwithstanding its endorsement of slavery by the admission of slaveholders to the Mission Churches.

There is another circumstance which serves to mark the quality of Dr. Thompson's anti-slavery, which the friends of the cause in Great Britain will know how to appreciate. Let them know that in the Church where he preaches the principle of caste is rigidly maintained, not without his connivance. Every colored person who enters that church to worship, whatever his character, and however intelligent and refined he may be, is consigned, in deference to the prejudices of white evangelical worshippers, to the "nigger pews." A gentleman of our acquaintance, a member of a Congregational Church and highly esteemed for piety and moral worth, assures us that he saw a respectable colored man, on the day that Dr. Thompson's new house of worship was dedicated, taken out by force, lest his presence should give offence to wealthy and fashionable white people who, it was hoped, might buy or rent seats. Let this fact be proclaimed to the honest Abolitionists of Great Britain, and Dr. Cheever will have no reason to fear any influence that Dr. Thompson or *The Independent* can exert against him in that country.

### *A WORD IN SEASON.*

[Extract of a Sermon, preached in the Baptist Church, Waterford N. Y., Nov. 13, by the Rev. H. A. GUILD.]

A few years ago, an aged man of God, widely known and highly esteemed for his many noble qualities of head and of heart, who had in good part led the life of a pioneer, subjected to all its rigorous trials, vicissitudes and reverses, inasmuch as there had been thrown open to the people of this country an extensive and fertile domain, determined to seek a new home in that new land. He did not purpose going there an idler, but to busy himself in unbosoming mother earth, and drawing from her the means of subsistence for himself and family dependents. His determination to emigrate was quickened by the fact that, by a wicked and inexcusable stroke of governmental legerdemain, a solemn compact of many years' standing had been ruthlessly broken and destroyed, and Freedom was in consequence imperilled. *He* was a freeman. In his veins coursed the truest of Liberty's blood. And is it strange that he desired to surround his new home with the elements and the essence of freedom? Soon after accomplishing his journey, and while, one evening, seated with his family, around the hearth-stone, the rattling of horses' hoofs and the clangor of resounding arms were heard. Soon, his dwelling was reduced to ashes by a lawless pro-slavery mob, and his daughter subjected to indignities and cruelties fiendish in the extreme. Following this came the murder of a son—then of another—and the old man barely escaped with his own life. He was left alone in that distant land. Nay, not alone—"for God was with him." The veteran's heart was moved, and his sinews waxed strong as steel. He went forth and bravely and successfully battled for the Right; yet there appeared no vindictiveness in his mien; and he repaid wrongs with kindness—cancelled the shedding of his children's blood by giving freedom to the sable victims of the most superlative piracy man has ever known. But here the curtain drops, and the old man passes from general view for months. At length, he reappears in a section of country at one time, in terms, at least, consecrated to liberty, but now a sort of outpost to a wicked and unmerciful despotism. The old man's personal appearance is materially changed—his locks are whiter, his cheeks more sunken, and a settled melancholy o'erspreads his countenance. He mourns the dead, and commiserates the living. With him are associated some seventeen or eighteen men; and with these the old man expects to "let the oppressed go free." Noble purpose; but O! how rashly, how madly pursued. Mad! By common consent he is so regarded. Lawyers so term him—the public press so term him. It is even said that Mr. Wise so regards him. And I am here reminded of an illustration somewhat in point. Mr. Wise is not the first ruler who has had to do with madmen. King Achish was troubled with one on a certain occasion:

"Then said Achish unto his servants, Lo, ye see the man is mad; wherefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this *fellow* to play the madman in my presence? Shall this *fellow* come into my house?"

Yes; "this fellow" *did* go into the house—the Armory—and occupied it some 48 hours! At length, however, "the house" is assailed by armed men representing two sovereign States and the Federal Government. The assailing party are victorious—the blood of the invaders (two of them sons of the old man) is freely spilled, and the old man himself is captured and thrust into prison. Court immediately convenes; and he, lacerated and bleeding, from sabre stabs and bullet wounds, is brought before the august tribunal, and placed on trial. Too weak to stand or sit, he is obliged to lie upon a pallet, and listen to the solemn mockery. He is found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the second day of December next—only twenty-three days removed from that day which we observe as the most important in the history of Christianity.

To-day, therefore, in a voice loud enough to be heard wherever foot of man has trode, are the ominous words ringing in the ears of Henry A. Wise, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia—"THOU SHALT NOT KILL JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE!" But will the voice be heeded? Far from it! The Slave Power demands the sacrifice, and it will not be withheld, in his case, nor of those who are convicted with him. But, let it be remembered, *the same cord that encircles the neck of John Brown encircles the neck of Slavery.*

I am not here to defend, much less to applaud, the contemplated insurrection, revolution, or whatever you may choose to call it, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. What were his full intentions I am not informed. But, what ever they may have been, we can, in this instance, quite readily distinguish between the man and the deed. John Brown was no longer John Brown, but, in at least one respect, he was *Transformed* Brown—given over to the single idea of striking the shackles from the bondman, in his own way, and comparatively oblivious to all things else.

Neither am I here to *condemn* John Brown. That work, in the language of Dr. Cheever, may properly be left in the hands of those dumb dogs that dare not even *yelp* against slavery. Neither have I any words of *rebuke* for John Brown, but an abundance of those of sympathy and commiseration. And there are words of *his* that *I* shall not soon forget, uttered by him just previous to the passing of the sentence of death upon him. And these are the words:

"This Court acknowledge, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me 'That all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. But if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions, in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, let it be done."

Noble, manly words, these! and they deserve to be emblazoned, in letters of burning light, all along the pathway of life. Condemn this man! Nay; and the future historian, as, with impartial hand, he shall approach the pleasant task of awarding the highest meed of praise to the bravest man of the nineteenth century, his fingers will eagerly seize the pen that shall instinctively and indelibly trace the name of JOHN BROWN, OF OSAWATOMIE.

THE BOSTON RELIEF MEETING.—We deeply regret that we cannot find room this week for the full report of the eloquent speeches made on Saturday evening last, in Boston, by the Rev. Mr. Manning of the Old South Church and Wendell Phillips, at a meeting for the relief of John Brown's family. The substance of Mr. Emerson's address on the same occasion will be found in another column.

## Our European Correspondence.

### LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XIV.

PARIS, October 27, 1859.

THE French Bishops have made a rather unhappy campaign against the movement in Central Italy; their attacks were indirectly made against the French government itself. The most remarkable protest against the provinces endeavoring to escape from the papal tyranny has been uttered by Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and a Member of a French Academy. I should not venture to present his Protestation as a model of that urbanity and politeness the traditions of which are said to be kept by the Body to which he belongs. The violence of the document makes it more worthy of a Veuillot than of a dignitary of the Church; it is only equalled by the poverty of the arguments. The inhabitants of the Romagna express a wish to have their territory joined to the kingdom of the brave and liberal Victor Emanuel; but why should we care for the wishes of the people, says the Bishop of Orleans; why pay any attention to the wild fancies of nationalities? Here he tells us that the Irish wish to offer the throne of their island to General MacMahon, the hero of Magenta; that all the German provinces along the Rhine are dying to be French; and, by such brilliant remarks, so well founded in truth and reason, he expects to strike a heavy blow on the doctrine of popular sovereignty. There are very hard blows, too, on universal suffrage, which have been felt as much at home as in Italy. The Protest of M. Dupanloup has received the warmest approbation of all the French Bishops, and the Emperor has been so afraid of the agitation it was beginning to create that he sent an order to all the newspapers strictly forbidding them to insert any letter or document coming from the Bishops. In my opinion, this attack on the liberty of the clergy was quite unnecessary; the Emperor would have derived real popularity from a struggle with the ultramontane party; the servile submission of a part of our clergy to the Court of Rome, and their defence of the temporal power of the Pope have greatly incensed against them the liberal part of the people; the severity of Bonaparte against them, though it was disapproved, as an attack on anybody's liberty ought always to be, was nevertheless felt to be a well-merited punition for a clergy which never advocated liberty but for itself—which has shown, for ten years, the most disgusting servility—which, after having blessed the republican trees of liberty, has worshipped Bonaparte as a god as long as he supported the encroachment of the priests, and delivered to them the charitable and educational institutions of the country, and increased their wealth and power to an extent unknown even under the Restoration. Now they abandon him because he gives support to Italy, which endangers the secular tyranny of the Holy See. Bonaparte's situation in this case is indeed a sad one; he has made enemies of the clergy, and has made no friends of the liberals, because he continues to keep his troops in Rome, and dares not to attack openly the temporal power of the man whom his arms have brought back to Rome, after a bloody contest against the Roman Republic.

In Tuscany, his policy has other difficulties to contend with; he received, on Sunday last, the deputation which came to expose to him the wishes of the Tuscan people. This deputation was composed of the Marquis of Lajatico, of Matteucci, a celebrated scientific man, and of Perrozzi. The Emperor told them that he felt himself *bound* by the preliminaries of Villafranca, and could give his sanction to nothing but the restoration of the Grand Duke. Only this restoration will not be effected by force, and nobody, not even the King of Naples, will be permitted to interfere. Therefore, the Tuscans have it so; they refuse to recall their Grand Duke, but are not permitted to join Piedmont; nobody can touch them, but they cannot get a government. They are put in a kind of diplomatic *vacuum*, where they will be expected to freeze, when their actual enthusiasm comes down to zero; disgust, uncertainty, financial difficulties arising from its despair in some, fear in others, will produce in Tuscany a sort of social decomposition, and *then* the Dukes are expected to be the remedy for these evils. The Minister of Foreign Affairs here, M. Walewski, has even been heard to say, "It is perhaps a pity the Italians show so much patience, and behave so well; a few troubles would make it much easier for us to settle these difficulties." This is what Bonaparte is doing now for Italy; this is the sad termination of an enterprise begun with such great promises. Bonaparte is putting his *veto* on the Italian wishes; his only object seems now to be to render a new war with Austria impossible; he courts Austria with as much care as he did Russia after the termination of the Crimean war; he strongly objects to Piedmont making war, without him, on Austria, which Victor Emanuel is quite willing to do; he has imposed upon Piedmont the enormous sum of 290,000,000 francs as part of the Austrian debt in Lombardy; by weakening her so, he assures himself against the warlike tendencies of the Italians, who refuse to see in the Villafranca agreement a perpetual settlement.

But why, it is asked by everybody, why should Bonaparte do so much for Austria? Why? nobody knows; but people think that he will put her on his side in his next campaign, and everybody has a vague feeling that the *object of war*, as the technical military word goes, is now England. As a sign of the times, I shall insert here a few extracts from an article which appeared, a few days ago, in all the provincial papers. These articles come from Paris, and are written under the dictation of La Guerronnière, the author of the pamphlet upon Italy, which made so much noise before the war, because it was considered as the expression of the Napoleonic will. This La Guerronnière is at the head of what is called the Press Department; it is something better than the ancient *censure*, for not only do our modern *censeurs* send *avertissements* to the papers when they write something unpleasant, but they write articles themselves which are inserted in all the papers. The Eighty-Sixth French Department have, therefore, been able to learn, at the same time, that "there are, in the existence of the peoples, solemn hours which decide for a long time their power and their future. It seems to us that England is now arrived at one of those critical moments. Since a few years, this nation, which politics and labor, more than arms, had made so great, seems to be conscious of a gradual decay. In vain does she struggle against this. This virility, which served to crush Europe from 1815 till the reestablishment of the Napoleonic dynasty, she feels no more in herself. Uneasy for the present, more afraid of the future, she seeks, while filled with jealous preoccupations, for the way which may bring her back to her ancient fortune." Then, after illustrating his views by the Italian policy of England, the Bonapartist writer finishes thus: "If, after having advocated a Congress, England should now refuse to enter it, we could only say that she descends herself from the rank of a first power to the secondary rank of a second power. We could only say that England *has lived* (*a vécu*), and that her Queen has nothing more to do but to be the passive witness of what Europe will decide without her."

The Morocco question fills everybody with uneasiness; it is rumored that there was a long-matured arrangement on this point between O'Donnell and Bonaparte, as there was one between Cavour and him on the Italian war. The Spaniards are so conceited and have such a wish for a crusade against the Moors, that the war has been decided upon though the Emperor of Morocco showed the most reasonable feelings, and was willing to make all possible concessions. The *Times* advises England not to oppose this attempt of Spain, though it must be allowed that the question is a very serious one for her. The key of the Mediterranean is in her hands, and undoubtedly Bonaparte would prefer to have it in the hands of Spain. Was it not Napoleon who said that the Mediterranean ought to be a French lake? But, supposing that England submits quietly to the combined decisions of Spain and France, the alliance of the two great powers who fought together in the Crimea will, at any rate, be severely wounded. It is felt more and more that governments founded on principles diametrically different cannot form a sure union; that the alliance of England and France, so beneficial to Europe, could only be sincere if the constitutional principle should rule both those countries. England may regret before long to have so readily acknowledged the usurpation of Bonaparte; she supported him when he was weak; may she not have to regret it, now that he is thinking of trying his strength upon her? I have heard enough of that foolish talk, "We have nothing to do with our neighbor's internal affairs," as if internal life and principle had no outward expression. No nation is required to meddle with the management of the internal affairs of another country; but no liberal nation is obliged to tie herself to a despot; no sovereign is obliged to pay him more than diplomatic respect. France will never forget that Bonaparte was cheered in London more than he ever was in Paris.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will deliver his oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture at National Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday evening next.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1859.

No sooner are we out of one panic than we plunge into another. Out of the frying-pan into the fire; from one depth of cowardice to another!

Really, John Brown's mission seems to have been not so much to benefit the slaves as to show what a set of despicable poltroons their masters are. A stack of wheat catches fire near Charlestown, and Gov. Wise sends a thousand soldiers to catch the incendiary. What a farce! Cannon sent in pursuit of a thief—seven hundred *shells* sent up to Harper's Ferry by the U. S. Government to protect its inhabitants against a single barnburner! Such cowardice never was heard of before. The sack of Washington in the last war with England was nothing to it, and most people in this vicinity are sore to this day over that piece of blundering cowardice. Gov. Wise has killed himself as "dead—dead—dead" as he, through his organ, the *Enquirer*, says Douglas has done. He has been too rampant, and Southern men already accuse him of either being affected with the panic or of coolly trading in it, purposing his own political advantage. If the first charge be true, he shows himself unfit for any executive position, for he hasn't the physical and moral stamina necessary to enable him to keep his balance on exciting occasions; if the second, then he is a knave. Wise and Douglas are positively off the track by this John Brown affair; and the result—if this were all—almost pays for the expenditure of human life.

Poor Mr. Douglas! Before the outbreak, he was quietly coaxing the South to take him up as a kind of middleman, occupying a half-way house between Republicanism and the Slave Democracy. He claimed that he could carry several of the Northern States as no ordinary Slave Democrat can do, and he put it to his Southern friends whether they would take him or Seward. He was getting along swimmingly when this invasion occurred, and now the terrified South will have none of Douglas. Says Senator Brown, in reply to the question, "Which will you take—Seward or Douglas?" "*Give me Seward by all means!*" And the South is in full chorus to that tune. Wise, if he had been cautious, might have bagged the game lost by the Illinois demagogue. But he could not be quiet, but has been screeching daily, through his son's newspaper, and overdoing the panic till at last the shrewd Southern leaders are disgusted. "This is more than we bargained for," say they. "The Governor may hang Brown and welcome, but this exhibition of cowardice is too nauseating!" So Gov. Wise steps off the stage.

Meantime the Governor has had a quiet, cautious, gentlemanly rival right under his nose, in the person of Senator Hunter. He has taken great care not to make a fool of *himself* in this or any other matter. He has not opened his head upon the subject, nor will he. Yet the South has complete confidence in his pro-slavery orthodoxy and a deep admiration of his strength of character. It is some such man who will win the Charleston nomination; not a braggart like Wise, or a demagogue like Douglas, but a quiet, firm, able defender of slavery. If the North will imitate the South in this policy and bring out *their* strong man—a man who represents the great principle of Anti Slavery—the representative of Despotism will be beaten out of sight.

The triumph of the so-called "Utica ticket" has intimidated some of the Republican politicians, I should judge. They are a little more afraid about the organization of the House. The Americans are growing bold in their demands; the Slave Democracy is more hopeful; the *Constitution*, even, drops its immoderate bearing towards the Forney Democrats and is conciliatory. It is a hopeless effort, however. The Americans and Democrats cannot unite, and, with patience, the Republicans will be able to have things their own way. However, it matters little. With a good Republican Speaker and a fair appointment of the Committees, we shall do well. And if the Democrats and Americans should organize, it will not be a bad thing for genuine Republicanism. It would instantly kill the humbug "Americanism," North and South, and the issue would be directly made with the sham Democracy. We might lose the battle on the first and second trials, but shall finally conquer.

Edward Bates, through his organ, the St. Louis *News*, has come out with a political creed that makes a good deal of noise among our politicians. The South Americans are very angry because he commits himself against slavery extension; the North Americans are in ecstacies of delight over the manifesto; while the back-bone Republicans make wry faces over Mr. Bates's defence of slave-catching. As an indication of the progress of anti-slavery sentiment in a border slave State, it is a very interesting and encouraging document. Compare Bates with such a man as Wise—both Southrons—both, a few years since, alike slaveholders. One has emancipated his slaves and is opposed to the further extension of slavery. The other clings to slavery like a madman, and makes the world ring with his fiendish gibberish about *Southern rights*.

Since I commenced this letter, the *gallant* Governor has passed through Washington, on his way to Charlestown and John Brown. He was accompanied by five hundred troops and several pieces of cannon. He made a speech at the Railroad dépôt, in which he proved himself a madman. He told his soldiers that they would drive off the d—d Yankees and hang John Brown before they returned; and, added the valiant Governor, "We will put an end to this state of things on the border, *or break up the Union!*" How came Gov. Wise to make a speech *in Washington*, of a Sunday morning, to his troops? Why didn't he make it on Virginia soil? Simply that he might defy the Government and poke his fist under Mr. Buchanan's nose. I really believe that if Gov. Wise were to demand the public buildings in Washington, Mr. Buchanan, the cowardly old doughface who shakes in the Presidential chair, would give them up.

Every dog has his day, and Gov. Wise is no exception to the rule. On the first day of January next he steps down from his throne, and he will never go into public life again, or I'm no prophet. He lost a renomination for Governor—lost an election to the United States Senate—and will never get another public office.

The panic in Washington is great while I write, and many of our citizens predict that the present is the last Congress that will meet here! Wait a little while till these same fellows are after jobs in Congress, and you will find that they have got over their scare.

The trial of Dr. Boyd, of this city, for helping slaves to escape, will soon come off. Judge Crawford put the amount of bail at $5,000—purposely so high as to prevent its acceptance—and when the counsel for Boyd remonstrated against the high figure, the Judge quietly remarked that he graduated the amount of the bail to *the enormity of the alleged crime!* Does not this simple remark show us to what depths of despotism this country, its bar, bench and pulpit, have sunk? "*The enormity of the crime*"—of helping a man made in God's image to the proprietorship of his own person! And it is an American Judge, whose salary is paid by the people of Massachusetts as well as those of South Carolina, who talks such blasphemy.

AVON.

A WORD OF CHEER—MR. CONWAY'S SERMON.—A citizen of Connecticut, who once filled a high office, and who is honored wherever he is known for his fine abilities and incorruptible moral and political integrity, became, some time since, almost by accident, a subscriber to THE STANDARD. Writing, a few days since, to enclose the amount of his subscription for the current year, he says:

"I am so well pleased with THE STANDARD—both its style of advocacy and its literary character—that I cannot dispense with it. By the way, Mr. Conway's sermon is admirable—the very thing on the guilt and glory of the Harper's Ferry affair. I wish it could be circulated throughout the country. It could not fail to do great good. Is it not advisable for somebody to publish it as a tract, that the winds might scatter it? I think so, and would take three hundred for circulation, and very likely double the number. It is incomparably ahead of Beecher's sermon on the same subject.

"What a day will that be when Gov. Wise and company shall hang John Brown! So it must be, I suppose; his name must be added to the martyrology, that the downfall of slavery may be hastened, and the real traitors and conspirators meet their coming doom."

We commend this suggestion in regard to Mr. Conway's sermon to the attention of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Boston.

☞ UNPAID PLEDGES in aid of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, made in January last, or previously to that time, are now payable; and it is hereby requested that the same may be paid at the earliest practicable day.

All *donations*, in furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, will be faithfully applied to the swelling of that Just and Righteous Public Sentiment, before which SLAVERY cannot stand, and must fall.

All payments to be made to EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer, or to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

### *THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.*

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, November 1st, the following resolution was andopted:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1st, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the Free States, in case of the execution of Capt. JOHN BROWN, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as "THE SUM OF ALL VILLAINIES," which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood, and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, held November 16, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the recommendation of the Executive Board of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to observe with suitable solemnities the day on which Capt. John Brown shall be executed, meets with our heartiest approbation, and that, to carry out the same, we hereby advise the members of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and all other friends of impartial freedom throughout the State, to call preliminary meetings at once, and take such other steps as may be necessary to accomplish the end proposed.

Resolved, That among the ways of keeping the day, none will be more appropriate than that of holding meetings in churches and other places, and delivering sermons and addresses suitable to the occasion; also, that we recommend the closing of places of business and tolling of bells, the bowing of window-shutters, and such other demonstrations as are customary when a people would express before the public a sense of heartfelt sorrow.

Resolved, That while we would reiterate at this time our well known and still cherished sentiments as to the best means of promoting the abolition of slavery, we feel constrained to bear our testimony—and we do it without reserve—to the purity of motive and disinterestedness of purpose in which orginated the attempt at Harper's Ferry, and to the lofty heroism and generous magnanimity which have characterized the leader of that daring enterprise from the time of his capture till the present moment.

Resolved, That in paying this tribute to the inciting motives and subsequent bearing of the chief actor in this undertaking, we would not overlook the claims to our respect and sympathy of those of his associates who have exhibited in their measures the same spirit and character as have been manifested by their heroic leader, and that we earnestly commend the wives and families of all—of those who have fallen, as well as of those who still survive—to the kindest regards of such as know how to feel for and succor the bereaved and distressed.

On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. JAMES MOTT, President.

J. M. MCKIM, RUBEN TOMLINSON, } Secretaries.

Philadelphia, November 18, 1859.

The latest despatch from Charlestown leaves no room for doubt that John Brown will be hung on Friday next. Here it is:

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1859.

Yesterday was spent in a grand military parade and review by Gov. Wise. During the afternoon, Gov. Wise and his staff had a long interview with the prisoners, urging them to prepare for death, as the sentence of the Court would be carried out without any interference on his part. Brown declared himself prepared to die, and justified his course, only regretting his error in not allowing the train to pass. Cook was willing to be shot, but always had a great repugnance to hanging. Gov. Wise said that Coppic was the only one whose sentence he had ever thought of commuting, but he had now determined to hang them all.

Gov. Wise yesterday received a despatch from the Governor of South Carolina, tendering any amount of military aid in defence of Virginia. Wise replied, thanking him for the offer, but assuring the Governor that Virginia was able to defend herself.

The Richmond military were all ordered home yesterday, but the people protested, declaring that if there was any necessity for them to come, that necessity still existed. The result was that Gov. Wise ordered two Richmond companies to remain, and also the Petersburg Artillery. Several of the Richmond companies started for home this morning, and others will go to-morrow.

Gov. Wise and staff left this morning. He expresses the intention of having a thousand military present on the day of the execution. He has no doubt of a determined and thorough organization throughout the Northern and Western States to rescue Brown, and exhibits a number of letters from responsible persons in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, urging him to be prepared for parties forming in those States.

If in any place the friends of the cause have not made arrangements for a proper observance of the day of execution, they should do so at once. No day since the Revolution which made the American people a nation has been fraught with interests and consequences so mighty as those which are connected with the judicial murder of John Brown. Slavery goes to execution on that day!

### *ACTION OF ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.*

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14, 1859.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

At an adjourned meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That inasmuch as slavery, in its essential nature, is a perpetual warfare upon the rights and persons of its victims, as well as an outrage against the moral sense of the world, its existence must necessarily create a spirit of rebellion in the hearts of all true men.

Resolved, That the singleness of purpose, undaunted bravery, self-sacrificing devotion, and moral heroism, evinced by John Brown, as well as his clear and intelligent appreciation of the conflict in which he is engaged, entitle him to the sympathy, respect and gratitude of every lover of Freedom.

Resolved, That the brutal haste, and unblushing disregard of legal forms, which have marked the so-called "Trial of John Brown" and his companions, while they have transformed what is assumed to be a judicial investigation into a deliberate murder, that fills the soul of every honest man with horror and indignation, furnish still another illustration of the immitigable villany of that system in the support of which these enormities are perpetrated. JAMES G. THOMPSON, President.

ANNA R. JUSTICE, Secretary.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY of Philadelphia, held Nov. 16, 1859:

Resolved, That, in the recent insurrection at Harper's Ferry, we see one of the natural fruits of the system of American slavery, which, in robbing millions of human beings of their inalienable rights, inevitably arouses resistance to itself in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom, which resistance must be manifested in accordance with their various characters and principles.

Resolved, That we cordially sympathize with JOHN BROWN in his intense hatred of slavery and ardent love of liberty, and in the noble object to which he devoted his life, viz., the emancipation of the American slave; that we honor the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice which led him to face mortal peril in its behalf; that we reverence the deep, religious sentiment which inspired him with strength; and now, while he stands doomed to death by tyrants who traffic in slaves and souls of men," we hail him as a martyr in the glorious cause of human liberty.

Resolved, That we regard this insurrection as a solemn warning to this nation to abolish, by peaceful measures, its system of slavery, lest that system should be overthrown in blood; and that the lesson which it teaches Abolitionists is, that the welfare not only of the slave, but of the slaveholder, demands that they shall pursue their work with unabated vigor.

Resolved, That, in our conflict against slavery, we reject, as we have ever rejected, the weapons of physical warfare, believing that moral reforms are accomplished only by moral power, and that we confidently rely on the preaching of the truth, which is "mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of error and sin, and to the regeneration and salvation of the world.

SARAH PUGH, President.

MARGARET J. BURLEIGH, MARY GREW, } Secretaries.

REBUKING THE CLERGY.—Henry Ward Beecher's lecture on "The Bargain-Maker" contains several stinging but very just rebukes of the time-serving hunker clergy of the land. A few weeks since, the *Evangelist* of this city criticized the lecture, on this account, with great severity, rebuking Mr. Beecher for his want of reverence for "the cloth," and warning him of the consequences to his reputation which must follow persistency in a rough handling of the sins of the clergy. We fear the crack of the *Evangelist's* whip and the solemn uplifting of its menacing finger have not cured the Brooklyn preacher of his fault; for we see that, in repeating his lecture in New Bedford the other day, the injunction of that journal was altogether disregarded—that the lecturer, in other words, neglected not to give the "dumb dogs" of the pulpit their gruel. After one of his hardest hits, he said (we quote the *Mercury*):

"Eighteen of such dumb ministers sat behind me a few weeks ago at the Cooper Institute, and heard me say this, and grew red with rage. But I say again that as soon as the Universal Merchant believes a thing, the Universal Minister will find twice as many texts in the Bible for it as he finds now (laughter)."

At the risk of disturbing the *Evangelist's* delicate nerves, we must quote from the *Mercury* one little sentence more:

"The reverend gentleman's keen thrusts at the Churches and the clergy seemed to give deep satisfaction to his mirthful audience."

### *PERSONAL.*

Sydney Howard Gay came home in the Canada, which reached Boston on Monday morning. He is in good health.

The Boston *Transcript* learns that Rev. W. H. Channing, of Liverpool, has reconsidered his acceptance of the call to the Thirteenth Congregational Church in that city, and will remain in England.

Senator Sumner arrived in Boston on Monday, in the steamer Canada. His health is completely reëstablished, and he will, of course, take his seat in the Senate at the opening of the session, Dec. 6th. His friends in Boston gave him a warm welcome, and the announcement of his return, with bodily strength renewed, will be hailed with joy by the friends of freedom throughout the country.

George Thompson, Esq., of London, has been engaged as the agent of the Lancashire Reformers' Union. He made an eloquent address before the Council of the Union on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, in response to resolutions congratulating him upon the restoration of his health. In the beginning of his address, he said:

"It will soon be eight and twenty years since I first raised my voice in Manchester in behalf of human freedom. Time has wrought many changes in me during that period; and I would not that you should compare me with my former self, in the complexion of my hair, the vigor of my arm, or the elasticity and firmness of my tread; but you may make inquisition of my heart, and you shall find that its every continuous throb, during the long years to which I have referred, has been in unison with the beatings of the universal heart of man throughout the world, in the cause of liberty and justice for our race (loud cheers)."

A correspondent of the Syracuse *Journal* says:

"Gerrit Smith, previous to being conveyed to Utica, had been quite sick for some ten days with 'brain fever,' and for most of this time quite delirious; but thinking he might soon recover, nothing was said about it out of the family; but getting no better, and perhaps worse, some of his most intimate friends were called in to see him. The great theme of conversation was Harper's Ferry and the transactions connected therewith. He recognized his friends, grasped them frantically by the hand, and told them they saw him for the last time; that he was a poor wretch, not fit to live; that he had not a friend on earth or in heaven; that the next night he should be in Baltimore and undergo the most excruciating torments that it was possible for human beings to inflict; that he had deeply wronged his neighbors in his ordinary dealings, &c.

"Now all who know Mr. Smith intimately know that in his ordinary transactions with his neighbors no man has been more honorable or more generous, and his uniform kindness to the poor in his vicinity is proverbial. Whether he had any more to do with the Harper's Ferry insurrection than with 'wronging his neighbors,' of course is not known, but one thing is certain, personally no man in the country is more loved or respected.

"The report that Mr. Smith has attempted violence to his person, so far as I hear, is without foundation."

### TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

| | |
|---|---|
| MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, | LYDIA D. PARKER, |
| MARY MAY, | ELIZA F. EDDY, |
| LOUISA LORING, | ABBY FRANCIS, |
| ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, | SARAH RUSSELL MAY, |
| L. MARIA CHILD, | ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, |
| HENRIETTA SARGENT, | SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, |
| ANNE WARREN WESTON, | EVELINA A. S. SMITH, |
| MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, | ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL, |
| HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, | AUGUSTA G. KING, |
| SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, | ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, |
| FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, | ANNA SHAW GREENE, |
| CAROLINE WESTON, | ELIZA APTHORP, |
| MARY WILLEY, | ANNE LANGDON ALGER, |
| SARAH BLAKE SHAW, | MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, |
| SUSAN C. CABOT, | MATTIE GRIFFITH, |
| SARAH P. REMOND, | ELIZA ANDREW, |

MARY E. STEARNS.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

DR. CHEEVER delivered a lecture in Charlestown, Mass., one day last week, and had the great misfortune to displease that intensely Democratic sheet, the Boston *Post*, which breaks out upon him in characteristic style, thus:

"He seized the occasion to outrage his audience by full doses of the worst form of Garrisonian Abolitionism. To their credit, they did not listen with perfect composure to an outpour of treason at the base of Bunker Hill; but, by unmistakable marks, hurled back upon the insulter general and repeated expressions of their indignation. Not a few turned their backs on the impudent clerical brawler, and left the hall."

The people of Charlestown should have invited Dr. Thompson or Dr. Bacon, of *The Independent*, instead of Dr. Cheever; *they* know how to speak on slavery in such a way as not to disturb the composure of "evangelical" Democrats.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS WIFE.—A friend in Philadelphia writes: "Are you preparing for a great meeting in New York on the day of Brown's judicial murder? I need not, cannot say *poor* Brown, for he needs no man's compassion. He is in the land of Beulah, and the glory of the celestial city is streaming across the dark river into his soul. God help his wife! He is helping her. What a noble, heroic woman she is, bearing the agony of martyrdom without its glory!"

We cannot now speak definitely as to a meeting in this city on the day of John Brown's execution; but we trust such a meeting will be held, and that a voice will go out from it worthy of the great occasion.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY MOVEMENT.—Those who are engaged in circulating, in this city, the petitions for a Personal Liberty law are requested to call at the Anti-Slavery office to-day (Saturday) and every Saturday thereafter, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. The members of the State Committee for this city are anxious to consult with those who are laboring in the cause.

J. B. R.

☞ WILLIAM H. FISH, of Cortland, New York, has been reappointed,

# Miscellaneous Department.

## LOSS AND GAIN.

Thou hast done well to kneel and say:
Since He who gave can take away
And bid me suffer—I obey.

And also well to tell thy heart
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all:
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand,
Dependent on his brother's hand;

So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine,
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vext;
Though incomplete, and even perplext,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life, that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May come on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice. Because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart might throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And, while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

And trust—as if already plain
Now just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place
Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

One only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret,
Needs a more tender comfort yet,

Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years,

And, through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw

Where all is good. And life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

—*English Women's Journal.* ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

### CHAP. XVII.

The next day after John Sharpe's visit to the cabin, Rachel felt so uneasy and excited that she could not remain at home.

"Maria," she said, "I feel as if I must go over to the Vertner place and find out when the family is expected home."

"What fur, Rachel? Does you know 'em quality folks? Why, laws, I'se never bin thar in my life. Col. Vertner's black folks thinks tharselves better 'an any of de rest of de niggers 'bout here, 'cept it is some of 'em town darkies, like the widow Mason's. But I does tell you, dat ar' Miss Madge, she's one uv 'em rale quality. I'se saw her many times ridin' on her pony, an' she allers stopt an' spoke to me in a rale quality sort of voice. I hearn my white folks say she wa'n't proud like her master; dat she didn't try to cut a splurge, an' didn't kere fur nothin' but shootin' an' ridin' on horseback. Dey say dat a good many white gals 'bout here tried to do like her, but 'tain't no use. Dey wasn't Col. Vartner's darters. Dat Miss Minervy McFarland got her a hoss an' tried to race 'bout de country, but den she didn't have Miss Madge's putty face an' lady ways. I 'members, one Sunday, when I was comin' from town, right long de big road, I met Miss Madge, ridin' on her little black pony, wid dat 'ar dog o' hearn runnin' arter her. She dropped her little white handle whip: I picked it up fur her, an' she said thanky in sich a nice voice, an' look so good an' putty, 'at I'd heap rather had it 'an a quarter-dollar."

"I never saw Madge Vertner but once, and then it was only a glimpse; but I dare say she is a good girl." Rachel said this in a serious tone. Maria looked up in very evident surprise.

"Why, Rachel, how ken you talk dat ar way 'bout sich grand quality folks?"

Rachel frowned, and was about to speak, perhaps in an angry tone, when suddenly recollecting herself, she walked off, as if to hide a rising emotion. Soon after, she bid Maria away in the closet, closed down the windows, locked up the house and set out on foot for the Vertner place. Her course lay along a dusty public highway. With her sun-bonnet pulled down over her face, she walked briskly along, occasionally passing persons, single horsemen or foot-passengers, some of whom gave her a nod; others passed on, scarcely seeing her. For herself, she did not see or hear anything. All her senses were introverted; only memory was busy at work. In about an hour she reached the Vertner place. Pausing at the gate of the avenue, she looked long and wistfully up the elm-shadowed walk, almost fearing to enter. A few birds were glancing through the trees, and flies were buzzing in the warm September sun; it was a tranquilizing sort of day, dreamy and drowsy, and Rachel felt its mellow and subduing influence.

At the "quarter." Uncle Pete was sitting out in the sun-shine, enjoying his pipe, while Pomp was frolicking with Rover, and squads of half dressed negro children were playing round about the grounds, turning summersets, tossing balls and hallooing in the most vociferous manner.

"Won't yer be quiet thar, chillen?" cried Uncle Pete; "yer never gives a body time nor peace to drop asleep; here, I'se almost off in a nap, and yer hollered out so dat you'se done skered all sleep away fur to-day. Be done dar wid dat dog, Pomp; an' tell 'em chillen to go in de cabin an' keep still while I sleep a bit."

"Yes, sar," answered Pomp, "me'll make 'em hush"; and, turning off, with an impish laugh, he stuck his finger to his nose, kicked out his foot in the direction of Uncle Pete, and made a determined rush upon the group of children, commanding silence in the most authoritative tone, at the same time twitching one of the boys in the side, causing him to scream out in a frightful yell.

"Laws, Dick, isn't you 'shamed o' yerself to be makin' sich a noise when Uncle Pete wants to sleep! Laws, now, Uncle Pete, I bin tryin' to keep dem ar' chillens still, but dey's jist de noisiest critters I eber see—heap sight worse 'an Rover. Here, Rover, here, here"—and, whistling to the dog, he bounded off in the direction of the mansion, when unexpectedly he met Rachel. Stopping directly in front of her, he opened his eyes and mouth and stood still in surprise.

"Which is the way to the quarter?" inquired Rachel.

"Laws a marcy!" he exclaimed, never heeding her question—"laws a marcy, but I hain't seed de like o' you afore in dis place. What's you come from, an' what does yer want here? All de white folks is gone off."

"When is your master coming back?"

"Oh, I doesn't know; but afore long. I 'spects, bekase Dan is bin a-airin' de house, an' Ruthy 's all de time workin' round fixin' t'ings; so I 'spects de white folks is comin'. I'll be glad, an' so'll Rove, bekase we wants to see Miss Madge."

"Can't you show me the way to the cabins, or let me know where I can see some one of the house servants who can tell me when the family is expected back?"

"Oh, yes; jist come 'long wid me, an' I'll take you to Aunt Polly, an' she ken ax Dan; he knows 'bout it; but what does yer want longer master an' missus? or may be yer wants to see Miss Madge?"

Rachel did not directly answer this question, but began talking to the boy on what she rightly supposed would be a favorite theme with him:

"Is that your dog?"

"Which, dis here one?" (placing his hand on Rover). "No, indeed, dis is Miss Madge's dog, an' she thinks sight o' him, an' her pony, Silk, I ken tell yer, an' Rove loves Miss Madge. De tust day an' night arter she went 'way, Rove jist howled round de house as if somebody was dead, an' he wouldn't eat his bones, but kept buntin' 'bout, as dough he was a-sarchin' fur Miss Madge. Dat dog jist knows her name"—and turning to Rover he asked, "Rove, does you want Miss Madge?" Whereupon the dog looked up, with a kind of intelligence gleaming from his eye, and whisked and frisked around in very evident pleasure.

"Dar, dar, didn't I tell you him knowed? he's jist as smart as anybody; Miss Madge talks to him same as she does to me."

By this time they had crossed the yard and were in the quarter, where they found the children in a most riotous play, Uncle Pete standing in the midst, brandishing his hickory cane right and left, to the perfect unconcern of the group.

"I jist wishes," cried the old man' "dat Alic would cum in from de fields, an' he'd settle yer quick enuff, you young scamps. Yer jist keeps a noise here all de time, an' dis is de way yer's bin a-carryin' on ever sense de white folks went away."

"Never mind, Peter," said Aunt Polly, as she joined the group, "don't be a-frettin' yerself 'bout dem ar' chillen; dey ain't worth yer notice; jist go in de cabin, an' rest yerself an' smoke yer pipe a bit."

"Who's dat?" asked the old man as he faced Rachel.

"Dat dar? why, I knows Rachel; dis here is de seamster dat I met at town once"; and she dropped a low curtsy, and, wiping her hand with her apron, offered it to Rachel in a very cordial manner.

"Well, now, Rachel, I'se right glad to see you; it's 'masin' kind o' yer to 'member old nigger like me; but yer knows I tole you den if you jist would come to see me, I'd be powerful glad to see you, an' so I is. I never shall forgit how good 'twas o' yer to gib me sich a lift dat time. Yer see, Peter, dis is de werry 'un what sarved me sich a good turn when I was in town. You 'member, Peter, doesn't yer, what I'se tole yer 'bout de 'oman, when I was so tired, an' she gin me a good ride on her own hoss, an' walkt herself 'long de big road until we got to whar she say de path turned off to her cabin? Well, dis is de one; she tole me her name was Rachel, an' dat she was free. Well, you see, I hain't forgot you, honey, fur 'twas a monsterus lift you gin me dat time; kase I was sufferin' a little longer rheumatiz. But come in, Rachel, come to my cabin; sit down an' rest yerself."

Rachel followed Aunt Polly and Uncle Peter to the cabin, and was glad enough to avail herself of the rest which they offered, as she was a little tired from her long walk.

"Come in, Rachel; take dis here cheer; sit down an' rest yerself. I'm 'shamed o' dis ole cabin—it's so dirty an' all tossed up; don't look round you, please, Rachel, bekase I'se 'shamed to death of every'ting, an' jist has to shut my eyes right tight to keep from seein' de dirt; but I'se sich little time to do any'ting 'bout here; I'se not bin quite so bissy sense our people went off, fur most o' my work is washin' fur de white family. Missus is so 'tickler wid her little fineries, dem lace collars, sleeves an' caps—all dem little fine jobs is mine; but I'se had a rale good play time sense our people went off."

"When are they coming back?" asked Rachel.

"Laws, honey, I kan't say; not soon, I hope, fur I'd like a bit longer o' play time, an' yit I does want to see Miss Madge; 'pears like de birds all went off wid her, an' dars her dog Rove—poor dumb brute jist hunts round arter her as sorrowful like as any human critter. I likes to have her 'bout—she's so lively like—allers runnin' an' laughin' an' playin', wid a good word fur us all. Now, take kere dar, Rachel, don't be a-lookin' at dat ole cupboard; it's jist as dusty as if I hadn't wiped it off dis blessed mornin'." And Aunt Polly waddled up to a little wooden press, which was entirely guiltless of the slightest spot of dust, and began to rub it furiously with her apron.

"Come 'long, Polly, an' quit yer fussin' 'bout nuffin'; yer knows dar ain't no dirt an' dust 'bout here, kase you clean all de time; didn't I see you a-scrubbin' at dat same cupboard dis mornin', an' now you is a-wipin' it off as dough it was all kivered wid dust!"

Aunt Polly began to laugh heartily, and, turning her head to one side with a sort of grand-folks air, replied,

"Psha! Peter, dat's de way you allers sarves me when my company draps in. Men folks is so quare; dey never t'inks us wimmin has anyt'ing on our minds. Now, Peter, he is allers complainin' dat I cleans too much, an' anybody ken see what dis cab'n is. Laws, ef 'twasn't fur Peter, I'd hab t'ings 'pear rale nice an' sot in order; but he fusses so; an' when a 'oman has got an ole man, Rachel, she kan't no more do her own way. Now, I does love to clean an' scrub; I ken use a brush wid any 'ooman o' my age, but den I done clar got out de way of it sense Peter an' me got married. 'Tain't no use a-tryin' to git yer own way, kase men folks is so 'termined to git de best of dar wimmins. I'se picked up many a resolution, but jist had to put it down dar under Peter's feet, kase he'd worry so I'd be 'bleeged to do as he says."

This mournful criticism upon the sorrows of matrimony was pronounced in a short staccato tone, which gave to the words a kind of terse force from which their was no appeal. Uncle Peter sat eyeing his old woman with a glum sort of smile upon his face, whiffing away every now and then at his cob pipe. Rachel was highly amused. From the moment of her entrance, she had observed the scrupulous cleanliness of the cabin, but she well understood the negro etiquette, which delighted in abusing everything belonging to oneself, and was not surprised to hear Aunt Polly decry against the dirt of this well-swept and well-dusted cabin. She endeavored, in the most adroit manner, to draw off Aunt Polly's attention from surrounding affairs. The truth is, she had almost forgotten ever having met the old woman, and had come to the Vertner place to boldly inquire for the return of the family; but now she gladly accepted the pretext which Aunt Polly's mistake afforded, and let her errand pass for a social visit.

"Dis is de fust time you'se bin here, Rachel, ain't it?" asked Peter.

"Yes."

"Wal, den, Polly, take her roun' an' show her de place; go down to de house an' let her see everything; 'twill be a sight fur her, sich, I s'pose, as she never seed afore."

"Is yer rested enuff to go roun'?"

"Oh, yes; I shall be very glad to see the place."

"Well, den, let's go fust to de house. Ruthy is down dar; she's bin a-cleanin' an' airin' up afore our folks gits back. Missus is powerful 'tickler an' kan't bar to see de least t'ing out o' order."

They passed through the garden, which was still looking beautiful and fresh, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. A colored gardener was weeding out the flower-beds and clearing the swarded walks and paths.

"You see, over dar is Missus's green-house; she has a power o' flowers all de winter, an' some o' 'em is heap puttier 'an dese what grows in de summer."

Rachel looked at everything, every spot, almost at each particular flower, plant and shrub, with an intensely interested eye. Polly observed this and was pleased, and experienced a kind of pride as she exhibited the beauties of the place. Slaves feel a peculiar sort of personal interest in their master's property, and believe that they themselves catch some portion of the glory reflected from their master's wealth. It was this pride which now induced Polly to resume her usual depreciatory style of conversation, which, let us here remark, always proved that she was at the very height of satisfaction with all around; and if any one had chanced to agree with her, she would have soon let them know that things were entirely above criticism.

"Dis here garden," she continued, after being satisfied of Rachel's entire admiration—"dis here garden looks poor now; 'pon my word, I neber did see it look so shabby; yer see, Ben, he is de garden man an' don't take a bit o' pains sense Missus lef'. I jest knows what missus 'll say when she comes back; she'll jest fret an' carry on 'bout it till master 'll hab to see dat Ben is lookt arter; yer see, Ben jist needs a-combin' up once ebery season; he kind o' drinks, chile, an' den he don't 'tend to his work. Las' year, missus say she wouldn't keep him on de place no how, an' master cum mighty nigh sellin' him. In fac', I t'ought once he was clean gone, an' I couldn't help feelin' sorry fur him, fur all he had bin a-drinkin' an' a-swarin' at an orful rate, an' I jist b'lieved mas'er tole de truth when he say de place wa'n't safe wid sich a boy on it; but den de fellar did seem so much 'stressed 'bout bein' sole; why, bress yer, honey, arter he done hearn he war gwine to be sole, be neber slep' a wink for smack four nights; he jist roamed 'bout de place same as one o' 'em dumb brutes, an' he lookt 'orful, I tells yer."

"But he was not sold, it seems."

"No, honey, but he would o' bin ef it hadn't bin fur Miss Madge. She jist went an' tole mas'er she didn't want Ben fur to be sole, an' den 'twas all right. Mas'er tole Ben as how he'd let him off if he'd make a promise to Miss Madge dat he wouldn't never touch another drap; an' Ben made dat promise, an' he's kep' it ever sense, widout he's bin takin' a bit lately, sence dey all went away, an' sure dis here garden looks as if he mout a bin."

"Your Miss Madge appears to be a great favorite with you all," said Rachel.

"Laws, yes, indeed she is; I jist wishes you could sot yer eyes on her—you'd t'ink yer had come 'cross an angel; she is jist de puttiest chile you ever saw; she looks fit to eat. I s'pects you'se hearn of her ridin' 'bout de country; she's allers out on her pony. But, psha! 'tain't no kine o' use fur de poor people roun' here to be a-talkin 'bout Miss Madge; she is got plenty o' fine close, an' could dress an' dance 'long wid any o' 'em, ef she was a mind to; but she jist don't want to, an' she is rich enuff, an' putty enuff, an' has plenty o' black folks to wait on her; so she ken jist foller her own mind. Dat's what Peter said to me t'other day, an' its true—bress your heart, it is—ebery word of it. Now, here we is at de house; it don't look no ways as it does when our folks is home." ideu-

They passed through a side door and entered the l room, where Ruth was seated in the centre of the apartment, with a quantity of white muslin curtains lying around her on the uncarpeted floor; she was busy mending some of them, and running strings into others, talking quite animatedly to Daniel, who stood over in the corner, with a large tin basin, busily engaged in washing and wiping some rich Bohemian glassware. The sunshine came in from a large open window, and filled the room with a warm, pleasant radiance as it glinted over the painted floor and shone on the gay-colored glassware.

(Conclusion of the chapter next week.)

If all unkind and unjust words were arrows, like needles and pins, and if instead of piercing the ear and the heart, they flew against the bodies of those to whom they were directed, the children in some men's families would be like pin cushions stuck completely full of sharp and painful weapons.—*H. W. Beecher.*

## MR. TILTON'S INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BROWN'S WIFE.

### VISIT OF A LADY TO THE CHARLESTOWN JAIL.

From The Independent.

I write this morning, on board a steamboat, a hasty account of a personal interview last evening with Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Capt. John Brown, now under sentence of death in Virginia for having bravely failed in a brave deed.

I am scarcely at liberty to mention at what place Mrs. Brown has lately been staying, or whose hospitality she has been sharing. I may say, however, that after her return from Baltimore, where she was stopped on her half-made journey to her husband, she has been the guest of a family residing in one of the most beautiful regions of a neighboring State, who have proved themselves kind friends not only to herself, but to her husband, and who were the more glad to bid her welcome to their house because the lady of their household, with her son, had already made a visit to Capt. Brown in his prison at Charlestown since his sentence of death. Mrs. Brown's stay with these friends terminated this morning. She is now on her way to Philadelphia, to meet Mr. Sennott, the counsel for her husband's defence.

I conversed with her during the entire evening. But only ten minutes' acquaintance is enough to show that she is a woman worthy to be the wife of such a man. She is tall, large and muscular, giving the impression at first sight of a frame capable of great strength and long endurance. Her face is grave and thoughtful, wearing, even in this hour of her trial, an expression of soberness rather than of sadness, as if, like her husband, she had long since learned how to suffer and be calm. Her manner is singularly quiet and retiring, although her natural simplicity and modesty cannot hide the evident force of character, and strength of will and judgment, which have fitted her so long to be a counsellor in her husband's enterprises and a supporter in his trials.

She is a native of Whitehall, near Lake Champlain, and has been the mother of thirteen children; but, notwithstanding the cares of her numerous family, and her many privations and struggles independent of household burdens, she still appears as fresh and hale as if she were only now in the prime and vigor of life.

#### A NEWSPAPER CORRECTION.

The conversation, of course, was of the scenes of Harper's Ferry—both those which have been already enacted and those which are shortly to follow. She alluded, with subdued though evident emotion, to the wounds of her husband, and to the loss of her two sons, Watson and Oliver, who fell in the struggle. But she made no such remark as that recently attributed to her in a New England newspaper, "that four of her sons had already been slain, and she would be willing that all the rest of her family should be made a sacrifice, if necessary, to the cause of freedom." These words, she said to me, could never possibly have fallen from her lips; for she had already felt too many griefs to court any fresh sacrifices; and she could not think, without pain, of any new death-stroke to her family. She would not shrink from any necessary trial or struggle when the hour came for it, but she could not look forward with composure to any further lessening of her family, already too sadly broken. She regretted that such a remark should have been put in her mouth, "for," as she observed, "they were unmotherly words."

She said that she had been so long accustomed to sorrows that she had been trained to bear them.. While living in Ohio, *four of her children died, from dysentery, within eleven days, three of whom were carried to the grave together on the same day!* She mentioned, in this connection, that her husband had always been a watchful nurse and the chief care-taker of the children, and of herself, during periods of sickness.

#### CAPT. BROWN'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

I adverted, in alluding to Capt. Brown's religious opinions, to the common report that he was an Old-School Presbyterian. She replied that he had been a church-member ever since he was a boy; that he united, at sixteen years of age, with a Congregational Church in Hudson, Ohio; and that on removing to Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian Church, with which he had since remained connected. She said that the religious element of his character had always been the ruling motive of his life. He had always observed religious exercises in his household with exemplary regularity. It had been for many years the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. She said that her husband's familiarity with texts of Scripture was so great that he could detect almost the slightest misquotation of any passage, and that if a portion of a verse in almost any part of the Bible were read or repeated to him, he could immediately repeat the remainder. His conversation frequently abounded with Scripture texts, and his letters were always filled with them.

I asked if she knew what were his favorite passages, to which she replied:

"He had a great many; but one was, *Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.*"

How nobly his life has proved his deep-hearted sympathy for the slave!

In his habits of living, his wife testified that he was always singularly self-denying. As an example, he never suffered himself or his family to wear expensive clothing. His standing admonition was, "Let us save the money, and give to the poor." Day before yesterday, when some clothes were sent from New York to Mrs. Brown to go in a box to her husband, among the articles was a new coat of fine brown cloth, which, when it was shown to her, she immediately pronounced too gay for her husband to wear. It was accordingly sent back; and last evening there came in return a coarser coat, which would better suit his taste, and which the brave old Puritan might not think too good for him to put on! He never in his life has used tobacco or ardent spirits, and never, within the few last years, has taken tea or coffee. His mode of living has been so rigidly temperate that, in Kansas, he would sometimes go for days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and suffer no faintness or exhaustion.

#### HIS LONG-MEDITATED DESIGN.

I referred incidentally to the design upon Harper's Ferry as having been premeditated for two years, to which she immediately replied—

"NOT FOR TWO YEARS, BUT FOR TWENTY!

He had been waiting twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves; we had all been waiting, with him, the proper time when he should put his resolve into action; and when at last the enterprise of Harper's Ferry was planned, we all thought that the time had now come; Mr. Brown was sanguine of success; we all were equally confident; he had no idea, nor had any of the family, that the experiment would result in defeat; we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years!"

As I listened to this, I could not help half exclaiming, "What heroic words! What a man! What a woman!"

I wrote down these sentences a few moments after they were uttered; and as I repeated them, she added—

"For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed as if upon his own neck for these thirty years!"

She made several and repeated references to various newspaper accounts in which her husband's character had been misrepresented. She had been pained to see him described as a cruel man, for, as she said, "No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always aimed to impress his family with a spirit of benevolence. He has always taught his children to be unselfish; to act always for others before acting for themselves. His sympathies for the poor and the oppressed have always been too easily excited."

I inquired as to his habit of carrying fire-arms about his person. She said that since the many threats upon his life, during and since his efforts in Kansas, he had carried a revolver, but never before.

#### IS HE INSANE?

I then put the question which I had been chiefly solicitous to ask: "It is the common talk of the newspapers that Capt. Brown is insane; what do you say to that opinion?"

"I never knew," she replied, "of his insanity, until I read it in the newspapers. He is a clear-headed man. He has always been, and now is, entirely in his right mind. He is always cool, deliberate, and never overhasty; but he has always considered that his first perceptions of duty, and his first impulses to action, were the best, and the safest to be followed. He has almost always acted upon his first suggestions. No, he is not insane. His reason is clear. His last act was the result, as all his other acts have been, of his truest and strongest conscientious convictions."

After these statements, supported as they are by other and abundant evidence, how can any man believe that Capt. Brown is insane? His project is easily characterized as mad, as any other daring and hazardous exploit is apt to be called, particularly after it is seen to have failed. But the attempt for the deliverance of the Virginia slaves did not seem rash to Capt. Brown or to his confederates, and, if it had been successful, would never have seemed crazy even to the newspapers. John Brown's insanity means simply John Brown's failure.

#### HIS RECENT LETTERS TO MRS. BROWN.

I may mention that I saw last evening a letter from Capt. Brown to his wife, dated November 8th, and brought away by the lady who visited him at Charlestown. This letter is too private, and, I might almost say, too sacred, to be exposed in print to every eye. Mrs. Brown is unwilling that it should be made public, both for her own sake and her husband's. But I violate no confidence in saying that this letter, written in prison, is no less remarkable than the memorable speech delivered in court. It breathes the same heroic spirit; it is marked by the same simplicity of style; it expresses the same conscientious conviction of the rightfulness of his undertaking; it exhibits throughout the same unwavering courage, and the same strong faith in God. To the many overflowing expressions of his sympathy for his wife and children, given in this letter, I do not feel at liberty to allude, further than to say that they are as warm, as tender and as delicate as ever were written by a husband to a wife. They prove that his delicacy is equal to his courage, and that his heart is not only as brave as a hero's, but as tender as a child's.

During the evening another letter came direct from the prison, dated November 10th. This fresh message was much briefer than the other, but of the same character and in the same spirit.

#### A BOX FOR CAPT. BROWN.

For several days past, until last evening, Mrs. Brown had been actively engaged, aided by some female friends, in preparing articles of clothing to be sent to her husband. A sewing machine had been busy at work from morning till night for two days. Last evening the box was packed, and this morning sent to the cars, containing shirts, stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, a pair of easy slippers, some writing materials, two or three favorite books, and some preserved fruits and other delicacies. A great number of friends crowded around it, each anxious to add something for the old man's comfort, before the cover was nailed on. From this scene Mrs. Brown retired, sobbing, to another part of the room, and for a few moments was unable to control her emotion, exclaiming, "Poor man! he will not need them long!"

But perhaps the troubled Governor of Virginia, and his Sheriff who is making ready for the Second of December, may find, before the time shall roll around, some other victim to keep up the honor of the fatal Friday, and may be glad, after all, not to hang the brave old man!

#### THE VISIT TO CAPT. BROWN IN PRISON.

The lady whose visit to Charlestown has been already mentioned went there chiefly to assist Mrs. L. Maria Child, whom she expected to meet in the prison; but as Capt. Brown had meanwhile written to Mrs. Child not to come, the new volunteer nurse found herself an entire stranger (except to her son, who accompanied her) in a community not over-disposed to be hospitable to strangers. She arrived at Charlestown shortly after Capt. Brown's speech in court. She spent more than two days in vain entreaties with the Sheriff to secure admission to the jail. Hearing that Capt. Brown, whom she had informed of her arrival, was anxious to see her, and not being willing to take the Sheriff's short answer after her long journey, solicited Mr. Sennott's aid, who at last persuaded the Judge to grant a permit of entrance.

She refers to the visit in the jail as one of touching interest. She obtained two interviews, the first of an hour and the other for a shorter period.

She describes the prison as a large brick building that seemed to have been formerly used as a dwelling-house. Capt. Brown was occupying, with his fellow-prisoner Stevens, a room on the ground floor, about sixteen feet square, opening with a single door into a long gallery, and lighted through a single small window, grimly defended by heavy double bars.

Mrs. S——, on entering, found Capt. Brown lying on a cot, and Stevens on a large double bed. Capt. Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bedstead, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

My friend said to him,

"I expected Mrs. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry not to find her, for her presence would make this room brighter for you!"

He smiled and replied:

"I have written to her the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind!"

Some questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received; to which he said:

"I wish it to be undestood by everybody that I have been very kindly attended; for if I had been under the care of father or brother, I could not have been better treated than by Capt. Avis and his family."

Capt. Avis is the jailer, of whom all the reports speak in high terms for his humane and courteous, conduct not only to these, but to all his prisoners.

When another allusion was made to Mrs. Child, Capt. Brown remarked:

"The reason why I did not wish her to come, and why I did not wish my wife to come, was for fear lest they would be harassed and annoyed, and that on this account I would be troubled myself."

#### A BUNCH OF LEAVES.

Mrs. S—— had carried with her into the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the woods. There was no nail on the wall to hang them by, and she arranged them between the grated bars of the window. She gave to the sufferer a full-blown rose, which he laid beside his cheek on his pillow. The old man seemed to be greatly touched with these tokens of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of nature, particularly of the grandeur of forest scenes.

Mrs. S—— drew a chair near his bed-side, and, taking out her knitting, sat by him for an hour. She has preserved his complete conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says:

"I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or whose mind was less disturbed and more clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy and sensible. He is not in the least sentimental, and seems to have singularly excellent common-sense about everything."

She asked him the direct question—"Were you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of revenge?" adding that a common impression to that effect had gone abroad.

He manifested much surprise at this statement, and, after pausing a moment, replied—

"I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge; no, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and can help to right it, and can even hope that those who do the wrong may be punished, and still have no feeling of revenge!"

He talked a good deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, and expressing his great confidence and trust in God's kind Providence in their behalf.

When some allusion was made to the sentence which he had received, he said very deliberately and firmly, and, as my friend says, "almost sublimely"—

"*I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it!*"

She says that she can never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She replied:

"It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die; but it must be a great hardship for an active man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not dread your confinement, and are you not afraid that it may wear you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, or regret your attempt, or make your courage fail?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, "what weakness may come over me, but I do not think that I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I denied my principles against slavery."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known outside the jail that a Northern lady was inside, a crowd began to collect; and although no demonstration of violence was made, yet there were manifest indications of impatience; so that the sheriff called to the jailer, and the jailer was obliged to put an end to the interview.

#### A SECOND INTERVIEW IN PRISON.

A second visit was made on the second day afterward. The popular excitement had grown so great on account of the first visit that, on the intervening day, it was deemed unadvisable to attempt another. Mrs. S—— says:

"When I went into the prison the second time, I found Capt. Brown sitting at the little deal table, engaged in writing. He had just been adding something to his letter to his wife. I shall never forget his appearance. He seemed perfectly noble and grand. His countenance seemed as if it had been illumined by the letter which he was writing. His expression was of great earnestness, cheerfulness and faith. The memory of this brief interview is even more vivid than of the other."

Mrs. S—— designs, at some future period, to publish an entire account of these two interviews, with full details of Capt. Brown's conversations.

—I have written, quickly and roughly, these random notes of my friend's visit to the prison and the prisoner, and of my own conversation with the hero's wife, preserving, as nearly as possible, the exact words of the narrators, and certainly not missing their true meaning and spirit. They serve to show, what scarcely need be added as a comment, that Capt. John Brown is a noble old man—that he performed his daring deed from the noble motive of a long-cherished purpose to do his utmost for the deliverance of an oppressed race—and that his name, as it shall pass from the gallows into history, will carry with it a clear record of a pure and honorable life; while his sterling integrity, his rare decision of character, and his sublime Christian faith, show him to be a true son of the Pilgrims, whose ancient Puritan blood will flow in his veins now only for a few days more!

Wednesday, Nov. 16th, 1859. THEODORE TILTON.

The True Priest.—Yet was she at that moment, unknown to herself, one of the great company scattered through earth who are priests unto God—ministering between the Divine One, who has unveiled himself unto them, and those who as yet stand in the outer courts of the great sanctuary of truth and holiness. Many a heart, wrung, pierced, bleeding with the sins and sorrows of earth, longing to depart, stands in this mournful and beautiful ministry, but stands unconscious of the glory of the work in which it waits and suffers. God's kings and priests are crowned with thorns, walking the earth with bleeding feet, and comprehending not the work they are performing.—*H. B. Stowe.*

The Faith of Woman.—The fact is women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb by; and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.—*Ibid.*

## COURAGE.*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

All men, said Mr. Emerson, begin life with fear. The child is full of fears, because of weakness and ignorance. Water, fire, the cat, the dog, the wall he bumps his head against, the chair or table he pulls down on him, are the enemies of the child, which he only masters by knowledge. All men begin life with fear; and when one person in a company spoke of one who "never knew what fear was," Dr. Johnson replied, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers" (laughter and applause). Courage is presence of mind, self-possession. Knowledge aids it. Cowardice, fear, shuts the eyes, freezes the juices. In the annals of our Norse ancestors, it is told that a certain priest, who attended his bishop when he reproved Siegurd for his wicked divorce, expecting every moment when the savage king would burst with rage and slay his superior, said he saw the sky no bigger than a calf's skin. It was said very well by Montaigne that the only thing he was afraid of was of being frightened (laughter).

All nations are agreed in their estimate of Fear and of Courage. The Indians, in their legends, teach the same doctrine as the stoics and the Christians do. The use of pain is, of course, warning; the pain is superficial, seated usually in the skin and extremities, for the purpose of giving warning, but not in the vitals, where the rupture which produces death is not, perhaps, felt, and the dying man never knows what hurt him. Pain is superficial; therefore, fear is. The torments of martyrdom are perhaps more keenly felt by the bystanders. But knowledge is the encourager. Knowledge is the true Mars and Belona, for they can conquer who believe they can. It is he who has done a thing who does not hesitate to attempt it again.

Courage is of many kinds—Scientific, Temperamental, Ideal. It consists in the conviction that they with whom you contend are no more than you. It is said courage is common, but the immense esteem in which it is held proves this to be an error. Animal resistance, the instinct of the male when cornered, is no doubt common; but the pure article, courage with conduct, self-possession at the cannon's mouth, cheerfulness in lonely adherence to the right, is the endowment of elevated characters. "Mankind," said Franklin, "are dastardly when they meet with opposition." It is said that generals are seldom found eager to give battle.

Lord Wellington said uniforms were often masks; and again he said, "When my journal appears, many statues must come down." Voltaire said, "One of the chief misfortunes of honest people is that they are cowardly"; and we notice in our politics and social alliances that their tactics are simply defensive. Our political parties—how infirm and ignoble! See what white lips they have! Always on the defensive! As if the lead were entrusted to the journals, written often by women and boys! The journals, which wish to keep up only the appearance of strength without strength—they can do the hurrahs, and the placarding, and the voting, if it is a fair day; but the aggressive, advancing attitude of people who will have right done, and no more be bothered with burglars and counterfeiters, and ruffians, in the streets and public offices—the part of leader and soul of Vigilance Committees—must be taken by honest, sincere men, who are really indignant and determined. We have, from year to year, in the politics of Massachusetts, criticism which watches and contradicts the opposite party, but we want a leader that advances and dictates. When we get an advantage in Congress, it is usually because our adversary has made a fault, and not that we have made a thrust. Why do we not say—since that is the honest sentiment of the people—why do we not say, in reference to the evil of the times, that we are Abolitionists of the most absolute aboltion? as every man must be; only the Hottentots, only the barbarians, or semi-barbarians, are not. "We do not try to alter your laws in Alabama, or in Japan, on in the Fejee Islands, but we shall not suffer you to carry your Thugism North, South, East or West, into any Territory that we can control!"

I think badly of cowardice. It shuts the eyes until the sky is no bigger than a calf skin. Fear is cowardly and mean, until at last we do not know virtue when we see it. There is a total perversion of things; society is upside down, and its best men are thought too bad to live. I wish we might have health enough to know virtue when we see it, and not cry with the fools, "*Madman!*" when a hero passes (prolonged applause).

I observe that there are three qualities which have immense power with the masses of men: one is courage; another is disinterestedness—a purpose so sincere and generous that it cannot be turned aside by any prospects of private advantage; like Aristides in the public treasury, poor when he entered it, poorer when he left it; and the third quality is practical power—the men who can organize their wishes and thoughts into life, into wood and iron, steel and brass; the man who can build a boat, who can lead his telegraph through the ocean from shore to shore; who, sitting in his closet, can lay out the plan of a campaign. But the quality most in favor with men is courage—that practical will which no terrors can shake or daunt; which is attracted by frowns, and threats, and hostile armies; nay, which needs these to push and wake up its reserved energies into a pure flame, and is never quite itself until the hazard is extreme. I infer from the rate at which mankind prize courage that it is rare, though people affect to speak of it as though it were common. The people give it the first rank; they pardon everything to it. What an ado we make about Thermopylæ, and Agincourt, and Poictiers, and Bunker Hill; and any man who puts his life upon a cause that is esteemed becomes the darling of all men.

Nature